

THE NEW YORKER

VOL. III.—No. 9.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1874

PRICE: FIVE CENTS.

THE GITANA.

Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the French of Xavier de Montepin.

LVIII. (Continued.)

"Come," said Carmen in a low voice, "it's all over."

"I am afraid," said Morales.

"You have no cause to be so. Those you fear are dead."

The two, after untying the rope which would have been an unpleasant piece of evidence against them, returned to their lair, and there awaited the dawn. When the sun rose they looked over the side of the bridge. At the bottom of the ravine, among the mangled remains of the horses, and the shattered debris of the carriage, they saw the corpses of Tancred de Najac and of the driver. Quirino was nowhere to be seen, but it was impossible that he could have escaped.

"Come," said Carmen, "let us be off to St. Nazaire. I must have my revenge."

At St. Nazaire a surprise was awaiting Carmen. She there learnt that her old acquaintance and benefactor, Mdlle. de Kerven, was married to her own husband, Oliver Le Vaillant. And she learnt it from Dinorah herself, during Oliver's absence from the town.

Carmen's plan was soon formed. She at once sought out the two police officers. One of them she ordered off to Savenay, with instructions to wait for her towards seven in the evening. To the other she confided the duty of obtaining a copy of the entry in the parish church books of the marriage of her husband and Made-moiselle de Kerven.

On the morning of the day when Carmen arrived at St. Nazaire Oliver had started on horseback for Palm-bouc, where in pursuance of his secret project of leaving France, he intended to get information respecting the departure of vessels for the New World.

On his return he found Dinorah eagerly awaiting him. His absence, short as it was, appeared to her almost interminable. Supper was ready, a cheerful fire was blazing in the wide fireplace, by the side of which his chair was drawn up ready for him, and the whole room was a very picture of comfort. Yet notwithstanding the welcome that awaited him and the affectionate caresses of his young wife, Oliver was sadly troubled in his mind.

LIX.

THUNDER CLAPS.

Dinorah noticed the emotion with which her husband contemplated the simple and charming scene, but she nevertheless did not fathom his real sentiment.

She therefore questioned him.

"Are we not well here, my friend?" said she.

"Near you, all is well," did he answer with a kiss.

Dinorah answered with a smile.

"But here especially, is it not?"

Oliver kept silence.

"You are very tired, are you not?" said Dinorah.

"I was a little while ago, but now no more."

"Does my presence then repose you?"

"It does."

"By what means?"

"By your beauty and your love."

At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes, Carmen stopped before the rustic gate and murmured:

"We have arrived."

She opened the gate noiselessly and the whole body penetrated into the enclosure.

Guards were placed at all the issues.

Then an officer said to Carmen:

"How many doors has the house?"

"Only one."

"How many windows?"

"Sir, I have the painful duty of arresting you in the name of the king!"

Dinorah, with a loud scream, threw herself into Oliver's arms. He tried to console her, and to bear up himself while the officer read aloud the warrant.

At the word "assassination," Oliver broke out into a loud protestation. He unbuckled the belt which he wore about him, produced the document of the Marquis de Grancey and showed it to the officer.

That individual seemed to relent and indeed said as much to Oliver.

LX.

THE STROKE.

The officer was a venal soul, however, and wished to be paid for his leniency. He made an arrangement to meet Oliver a fortnight from that date and to receive a heavy ransom from him. He was about to retire, and Oliver was already expressing his delight at being saved, when the door opened again and Carmen appeared upon the threshold with two soldiers.

Oliver and Dinorah both recognized her.

"Annunziata!" exclaimed the latter.

"I am lost!" cried the former.

And he fell heavily on his chair.

Carmen said sharply: "I, Annunziata Roverso, legitimate wife of Oliver Le Vaillant, denounce him as guilty of the crime of bigamy and I summon you to arrest him."

Dinorah uttered a piercing cry. She threw herself upon the breast of Oliver, but he was completely annihilated.

"No—no," she said "it is impossible—it would be too infamous—Oliver, Oliver—take pity on me, answer your wife—why do you not answer—O, I shall die—"

Carmen looked on with a dry eye.

"Sir," said she to the officer, "you have heard me—do your duty."

He touched Oliver on the shoulder.

"In the King's name I arrest you."

"Pardon, pardon," cried Dinorah. "You kill me by acting thus."

"I do not kill you: I avenge you."

A sublime inspiration struck Dinorah.

"Are you inflexible?" she said.

"As the law."

"Well, madame, your charge is false—I am not Oliver's wife—I am his mistress—Do you understand me?"

Carmen remained cool. She drew forth from her corsage a paper which she presented to Dinorah.

"Here is your marriage contract?"

Dinorah fell back in a swoon, as if dead.

On hearing her fall, Oliver turned towards her. He precipitated himself upon her body, in an ecstasy of despair, and with a long knife stabbed himself twice in the chest.

Carmen looked on triumphantly.



"TAKE HIM OFF, HE IS NOT DEAD. I DEMAND JUSTICE."

After such pleasant converse, for a considerable time, the two sat down to dinner.

Dinorah asked of Oliver a narrative of his journey.

Oliver hesitated a moment, but at length resolved to make a clean breast of it. So he told Dinorah.

He was about to begin when a rap was heard at the door.

Let us return to Carmen.

When Oliver had entered the village, near the spot where she and her party were lying in wait, the dancing girl gave her instructions to the officers.

The horsemen dismounted and the party followed the hollow road, under the guidance of the Gitana.

"Two, below; two above, and one behind."

The house was then surrounded.

Carmen approached a window and looked upon the scene of Oliver making love to Dinorah and about to relate his adventures.

The officer knocked at the door.

No answer.

A second rap.

Oliver half rose from his seat.

Jocelyn then opened the door and two men entered.

One was wholly clothed in black.

The other wore the costume of a Breton peasant.

At sight of these, Dinorah recoiled. Oliver understood the fullness of the danger.

"What do you want, gentlemen?" said he.

"Mr. Le Vaillant," was the reply.

"That is my name."

"Take him off," She said—"He is not dead. I demand justice."

Carmen was right. Though Oliver bled profusely, his wounds were not mortal, and Carmen ordered his removal to the Breton Arms.

(To be continued.)

"VANITAS VANITATUM?"

BY JOHN FRASER.

And is it true what this man writes,
That all is vanity and sin!
No hope there is—no higher life,
And men but end where they begin?

We ape the Gods, and prate about
Our pretty loves, our little jars;
And vainly talk of our estate,
Beneath the grandly pitying stars.

My heart was sad—I closed the book,
And pondered o'er the ways of men;
And wonder'd if these words were true,
Or but a trade trick of the pen.

There's Brown talks ill behind my back,
And Jones' bill falls due to-day;
Some fifty pounds—a trifle—but
Not fifty pence wherewith to pay.

My last book, too, was badly used,
And—(this is strictly entre nous)—
'Twas rather mean if Sling did write
That leader in the Hub Review.

And thus I grumbled, while above
Stretched the illimitable blue,
Spanned by an arch of hope, and God's
Own glorious sunshine breaking through.

And happy voices from the woods
Burden'd with joy the Summer breeze,
And all along the beach there rose
Low murmurs of world-kissing seas.

And visions of a bright fireside
And of a pleasant winning face,
And laughing children playing round
A cottage in a shady place.

O heart of man! if thou art fair,
And all is beautiful within,
To pierce the outer veil of things,
The outer crust of death and sin.

This world will be the same fair world,
As when, in all the prime of youth,
Fresh from the mint of God it came,
An offering to man and truth.

BOB'S REFORMATION.

I.

The Carrs—father, son, and daughter—lived in Wonderland-place, Bayswater. Major Carr was on half-pay—a stern-looking, handsome man, with a grizzled moustache, and a bald place on the top of his head—a man who prided himself on being absolute ruler in his own house, and especially over his children.

May Carr was a pretty little blue-eyed girl, with a great relish for fun, and the most decided but innocent young flirt you could come across in a day's gallop, much less in a day's march.

Robert Carr, the son, (his sister always called him Bob), had been a "handful" to the major. He was handsome, careless, generous, and good-hearted; but up to the present time had distinguished himself chiefly by getting into debt, and by steadily sticking to nothing. He had been brought up for the civil service, but had failed to pass. He thought he should like the law, and read steadily for a couple of months in chambers, then flirted with his landlady's daughter, sold his books, and announced his intention of going abroad. He went, and returned in a year, with his luggage consisting of his tooth-brush. Then there was a desperate quarrel with his father, which resulted in his enlisting (he was only twenty then). He was bought off, of course, promised reformation, and thought he would try authorship; had one article accepted, got into debt on the speculation of making a fortune, had three articles "declined with thanks," and gave up authorship in disgust. Then the Major, in despair, got him into a merchant's office; he had eighty pounds a year there; stayed three months, during which period he had wild dreams of being made junior partner or Lord Mayor of London, and gave his orders to the Bayswater tradespeople accordingly; then blotted the ledgers, declared figures were only invented to fill up almanacs, and accepted his dismissal with a philosophical air which excited the admiration of all who beheld it. This was Bob's last exploit. He had only arrived at the mature age of twenty-two in spite of his varied pursuits. He was anxious just now about his debts, concern-

ing the majority of which his father was in blissful ignorance; and he had made up his mind that, come what might, he would turn over a new leaf for the future.

"It was an awful bore, Christmas being paytime," he said to May, as they put up the holly round the dining-room on Christmas Eve; "it so spoils the season to know that every dun a fellow has will soon be clamoring for his money."

"But, Bob dear," May said meekly, "you should not have duna."

"I never thought that Clark & Co. would turn me up. I wish I could make a clean breast of it to the governor and get a fresh start. I really mean it, May. I'm going in for reformation."

"Yes, but, Bob, it is a pity you asked Grace Kenneth to have you till you had something to keep her on. I cannot think how you could be so foolish."

"We are not going to get married yet," he answered. "You see she has no sisters, and her mother has never been a companion for her; and I've been in and out so much that we've got to tell each other our troubles, and I told her about the bills, and how I feared there'd be a storm, and thought I'd better go abroad again; and then she began to cry, and it's awkward when a girl cries, unless you can tell her plainly not to be a little donkey, so I consoled her as well as I could, and told her I was very fond of her, and that cheered her up; and then somehow we agreed that we'd get married some day, and that I should reform and pay off everybody first, and that we would not tell anybody about it till then. I'm going to be a model in future" (he laughed at May's shake of the head), and she's a jolly little girl, and says she'll wait forever if I like. I say where's the mistletoe?"

"Oh, Bob!" said May, "I send it all downstairs, for Aunt Mary looked so horrified last year, and said she was above it."

"Well, it wouldn't be the slightest use her being beneath it. Here, Jane," he called out, "bring up the mistletoe. There, that's right. Now, May, I'll drag you under it and kiss you, and you shall scream and run away."

"Oh, no, please don't!" she said, imploringly; "you'll rumple all my hair, and I couldn't scream naturally for my own brother."

"Anything going to happen, that you are so particular? I know! Kenneth is coming! We shall have a double event then, and wind up the matrimonial affairs for the whole family, eh, May?"

George Kenneth was a young doctor, whose only fault was that he had no patients. He was Bob's great friend, and had a year before been introduced in that capacity at Wonderland-place. He and May were just in that uncertain stage when neither is sure of the other, and yet each is eager for the crisis they fear. George was the only member of the Kenneth family May knew, for the Carrs were people who never visited or entertained as a rule.

"I believe you are spoony on George, Miss May."

"How can you talk such nonsense, Bob! I am sure I am not," she answered, celebrating that Christmas-tide with a very fine fib; "and as for Mr. Kenneth, I don't believe he cares a bit about me."

"I think he does," said Bob, thoughtfully. "Look here, shall I try and find out?" he added, a bright thought striking him.

"Yes, do," she answered eagerly, "I should like to know; not that I care."

"No, evidently you don't, that's why you are looking so stupid; girls always blush for the wrong man, don't they?"

"Reformation is very hard work," Bob Carr informed his sister a week later. "I have answered every advertisement, and walked into every merchant's office in London during the last week. I'm half a mind to go abroad again. George Kenneth is half a mind to get too; he'd lend me the passage money at a push. If it wasn't for the debts I'd go. George is spoony or he'd go to-morrow."

"Who is it?" asked May, quickly.

"I'll tell you presently; I want you to come up-stairs to my room. I've got in every bill I owe, and have arranged them in an artistic manner round the shelf. Come up and see them;" and they solemnly trudged up and looked at the interesting documents. "There they are," he said; "I stuck them up so that you might take them in at a glance—sum total, ninety-five pounds; balance in hand, nothing at all."

"Oh, Robert! you should not joke about it; and what can all these bills for provisions be for?"

"Oh, they are nothing," he answered carelessly; "some poor people I picked up, and managed to be of a little use to. Those bills prick my conscience least; they were incurred for a righteous end."

"Ah, Bob," answered May, "we may not do evil that good may come; that always seems to me one of the hardest temptations to resist. What is this in this tiny envelope—another bill?"

"No; that is only a note from Grace; I put it there as an antidote to the other things. Now come out and I'll turn the key, which means that no one is to enter." Then they went downstairs, and Bob's face became grave and earnest. "I can't tell you how the debts worry me, May dear," he said; "for, in the light in which I see things now, I think that getting into debt without a certainty of being able to pay is only one way of being downright dishonest. I will work steadily in future, if I can get nothing but a crossing to sweep, and I'll pay every one up in time, if it takes till I'm ninety to do it."

"If I were you," said May, "I would tell papa. He might help you."

"Do you think you could feel the way and see how he takes it, May. It would be a grand thing if he would give me one more chance."

"I'll try; I think he might be coaxed over. And now, Bob dear," she went on softly, "tell me who George Kenneth is spoony on."

"You shouldn't use slang; it isn't lady-like," he answered solemnly and grandly, with a mischievous twinkle in his laughing eyes. "Why should I betray George's confidence and tell you about the girl? It is not as if you had cared about him; your feelings might then be an excuse."

"Oh, then, it isn't—"

"Me" she was nearly saying, while her heart sank, for though George had not told her that he loved her, she had felt almost certain that he did, and had lost her own heart to the upright, manly young fellow who was her brother's friend, and who, on one excuse or another, had continued for nearly a year to run in and out of the house in Wonderland-place two or three times a week. She could scarcely believe her ears when Bob told her he was thinking of some one else. Besides, a proud woman always feels insulted as well as slighted when she hears that a man who has paid great attention to herself cares for another. So she indignantly checked her tears, and questioned Bob a little further. "Tell me who it is, Bob," she said.

"Well," he answered gravely, "it's evident that you are wildly jealous, and so I'm not sure that it would be safe. You might think it necessary to the upholding of your dignity to do her some bodily harm."

"Oh, how can you talk such nonsense?" she said hotly and indignantly. "Mr. Kenneth is nothing to me."

"Then we won't say any more about it."

"Yes, do Bob. Is she pretty?"

"Middling," he answered, making a wry face and taking care not to smile. "He thinks so; no doubt you will say she is frightful."

"Have you seen her?"

"Oh yes," he said, solemnly sighing, "I've seen her."

"Tell me her name. And does he care very much for her?" she asked almost pleadingly.

"Yes, I think he's very fond of her. As for her name, I am not sure that it would be safe under the circumstances to trust you with it, for her sake."

With a gesture of impatience May turned away, almost ready to cry. Girls of eighteen can cry as heartily over their sweethearts when no one sees them as girls of eight can over their biggest dolls.

"May," said her brother, suddenly changing his tone, "there's father coming in at the gate. Could you not tell him about the bills now, and see what can be done? Tell him that I won't disgrace him this time, whatever I have done formerly. I'll go out for half an hour, while you try what you can do. Mind, you must not say anything about Grace. Do your best, May, there's a little darling, and then perhaps I'll tell you the name of George Kenneth's sweetheart, provided you promise not to tear her eyes out. But look here, May, joking aside, I am very anxious about these bills, and if my father would only take me in hand again he should never repent it."

May had no easy task. Major Carr had learnt to consider his son as a blank disappointment, and was getting hopeless of any reformation; not that they were bad friends; on the contrary. Bob, in spite of his faults, had one of those happy dispositions and pleasant tempers that, unless you were absolutely not on speaking terms, or, as he once expressed it, "at fighting pitch," you could not live in the same house with him and not be good friends. Still May had a difficult task; but she did her best, promising amendment and carefulness in the future, and begging her father to try and help him just once more, for the last time; not to pay his debts, he did not ask that, but to help him to quiet his creditors till he could do so himself, and to use any influence he had to put him once more in a position to redeem his character and his credit.

"But," said the Major, and there was a great deal of justice in his wrath, "I did not expect to hear of another set of bills."

Still, though it seemed hopeless, May went on and told him how some of the debts had been for provision to give away to poor people, so Bob must be good-hearted.

"No," answered her father, sternly. "What did that cost him? Nothing. He was generous at the expense of the tradespeople who trusted him. Real charity is that which involves some self-denial, incurred for the pleasure of doing others good."

Yet he softened in the end, and almost laughed at May's account of how Bob had stuck up the bills round his bedroom mantelpiece; and at last, stroking May's fair head, and thinking inwardly that just for her sake he would not be very harsh to Bob, he went up-stairs to his study, just as George Kenneth knocked at the street-door, and entering she drawing-room found May Carr alone.

If George Kenneth had expected a welcome that evening he was disappointed, for May remembering what Bob had said, was merely polite and dignified, and freezingly courteous. She had never supposed George Kenneth wished to marry her, nor had she had any idea of his asking her; matrimony was a question she had not troubled her head about; still, if he had not cared for her and still more if he cared for some one else, there were a hundred little words and deeds in the past which she felt would have been better unspoken

and undone, and which remembering now made her burn with shame and anger. She determined, however, that he should not flatter himself he had made any impression on her, and at the worst should but conclude she had like himself been only flirting. Still she could not help saying how disconcerted he looked when, half an hour later, he rose to go, and yet lingered as if to say some farewell words.

"I wanted to tell you something, Miss Carr," he said; "I came on purpose, and yet somehow this seems hardly the time to say it."

May's heart began to beat quickly, but she stood her ground. "You had better put it off till some other time," she said stiffly, "for I hear papa calling, and must say good-by."

She held out her hand, which he took and kept a moment. "Let me tell you now, May, for I fear Bob may do so else, and I want you to hear it from me—something which concerns my happiness very much."

She drew back her hand indignantly. It was insulting, she thought, to make her a *confidante*. "I have not time now, Mr. Kenneth, papa is calling me. Bob has already told me what you allude to, and while wishing you every happiness, you must pardon my adding I have nothing more to say on a subject which cannot concern me. Good-by;" and she escaped, thankful that she had made her speech so well, and that she had not met his eyes, or she felt that she must have broken down.

Twenty-four hours later May was sitting alone in the dining-room. Major Carr was in his study, Bob was out, and she waiting for his return. She was very miserable that evening, for she had innocently brought down a terrible storm on Bob's head. While she had been giving George Kenneth his dismissal, her father had walked up-stairs, with his heart softening in favor of his son, and remembering May's account of how he had stuck up his bills for her edification, on a moment's impulse had entered his son's room—a thing he never did in a usual way. There were the bills still, and his wrath returned as he beheld them. He took them down, and was walking off with them, when suddenly he caught sight of Grace's little note, which Bob had forgotten to return to his pocket. He opened it, and read the sort of love-letter a girl of eighteen generally writes, assuring her own dear Bob that she would always be true to him, and wait as long as he liked, and hoped he would soon get something to do, and get out of debt, though she did not mind how poor they might be in the future, for, happy in his love, she would be quite content. Then the storm burst forth. He asked May if she knew anything about it, and May could not deny the knowledge, so shared in his displeasure. Bob came in, and stuck to his colors manfully. He very much regretted his past conduct, and he would try with all his might to redeem his past character, but he would not give up Grace Kenneth. If his father would forego his anger he would not ask for any help, and would fight his own way in the world, but to absolute control he would not submit. This only inflamed Major Carr the more, and, refusing to speak to either of his children, all the next day he kept to his study, while Bob and May tried to make plans for the future. He should go round to his creditors he (Bob) said and tell them the truth, and ask them to wait, and then, if he failed to get anything in London, he should go abroad, George Kenneth had a couple of hundred, and had told him (Bob) he would lend him the passage money, and perhaps go with him for a year.

Bob went out in the evening, and May was left alone, and passed a dreary hour thinking over the past week, and was wondering whether it would be of any use to try and effect an entrance into her father's study, when suddenly Bob returned, flushed and excited.

"May!" he exclaimed, "look here; do you call that proper conduct in my father? He sent this letter to Mrs. Kenneth." And he dropped the unpaid bills, which the Major had not returned to Bob the day before, into her lap, and a note which he had sent with them to Mrs. Kenneth. It was as follows:

MADAM: I understand your daughter and my son intend to get married. With regard to my son, I beg to say that I shall do nothing for him; that he has never earned a fifty pound note in his life, and is never likely to do so; and what his prospects in general are, you can perhaps gather from the enclosed bills, which he has not the slightest chance of paying. Whether, therefore, the match is a desirable one, I leave you to decide. Your obedient servant,

F. CARR.

May's face turned white as she read it, but before she could make any reply Bob (he had a hot temper when once aroused, and it was roused now) snatched the letter from her, and rushed up-stairs to his father's study. Then there came the sound of loud and angry words. "A parcel of beggars marrying without even cheese to eat," she heard her father say. She would not hear more, but stopped her ears and waited in fear and trembling for the result. It came soon: she heard Bob descending the stairs, and her father speaking.

"I forbid you to stay in my house any longer; you may go and do the best you can. I never dared to use such words to my father!" and then Bob entered, and hurriedly kissing her, seized his hat, and went out of the street-door, not to return again for many and many a long day.

"DEAR MAY: Send every thing of mine to the

enclosed address at once: I'm going abroad with Kenneth. I shall come back some day; God bless you, darling, and don't fret. Your affectionate brother

"BOB."

"Let everything be sent," said the Major, "and never let me hear his name mentioned again."

II.

Months passed, and no tidings came of Bob. May went by Mrs. Kenneth's house once, but it was empty, and a bill up announcing that it was to let, and so she could only wonder in silence how things went on. The Major's face became a little careworn, and he grew kinder to May, indulging all her little whims and fancies, excepting when she tried to say a word in favor of her brother. A letter came from Bob at last. He and George Kenneth were in Australia, and he had obtained a good situation in a merchant's office, and was doing well. There was no mention of his father, and Major Carr's face got a little harder as he noticed the omission.

A year went by and there was a dreary Christmas in Wonderland-place; the second spring came after Bob's departure, and the summer slipped by; autumn sobbed itself away, the snow fell, and the frost sent a death-chill into the heart of the last sensitive plant that had not deserted the desolate earth, and then once more Christmas Eve came round again.

"Two years," thought poor little May, sadly, "since Bob and I put up the holly." There was no holly in Wonderland-place that year—nothing to mark Christmas for May and her father, as they sat gravely one on each side of the fireplace that evening, each thinking silently of the wanderer far away. Suddenly May remembered some little direction she had forgotten to give to the servant, so she rose and went downstairs. Perhaps it was a relief to speak to some of her own sex, for she lingered a few moments longer than was necessary, and suddenly there was a little sound outside, and some one softly descended the area steps, and looked in at the uncurtained kitchen window. May looked up, half-frightened, then with a little scream of joy and surprise rushed out, exclaiming, "Oh, Bob!—oh, dear Bob!" was folded in her brother's arms all in the area and right in front of the kitchen window.

It was not a very picturesque place to meet in, but Truth has sometimes but little mercy on Romance.

"Oh, Bob!" she sobbed, as, laughing and crying together, she dragged him into the kitchen, made him sit down, and kneeling before him, looked up into his face, and thought how handsome he had grown. "Oh, dear Bob! to think you've come back!"

Jane discreetly vanished, and the brother and sister were once more alone together. Then May eagerly asked Bob all sorts of questions, and Bob told her how he had been in Australia, and had got a situation in a merchant's office, where he had given so much satisfaction that his employers had sent him over as manager of an English branch. The debts were paid, he informed her, for he had worked hard and earned money after office hours, and they had all trusted him, and Grace Kenneth had been true as steel, and he was going down to Clifton, where she now lived with her mother, to see her as soon as he had settled matters in town. "I am obliged to stay till Tuesday," he went on; "so I went to Mary Taylor's on my arrival, and found she had her two small, shabby drawing-rooms to let, which I took for a week, after she had received me with a scream of astonishment." (Mary Taylor was an old servant who was married, and lived a mile off, in Northland-place, and turned an honest penny by letting some of her rooms.) "Then I thought I'd come and look at the house, noticed the kitchen blind was up, and looking down saw the top of your lovely head; the result was the affecting tableau in the area. There, you have my history complete, May; and now," he continued, "I would give anything to make it up with the old man. It's Christmas-time; don't you think we can get him round? He behaved very sternly to me, you know."

"Oh, yes," answered May, "we'll try. Let us go up softly, and take him by surprise." Then she added doubtfully, "How is George Kenneth?"

"Very well, but he didn't succeed out yonder. Just in the spot we were there was a docter who killed the people so blandly they liked it—a great fellow with two even rows of big white teeth, giving one the idea that he carried about tiny models of the tombstone of all his defunct patients, inside his mouth. So George didn't do. However, his Uncle Thomas has—died—lucky fellow to have an uncle, eh?—and left him enough money to console him. You lost a good chance, May, though I'm certain he's spoony on you still; I never thought you were going to snub him so."

"I didn't," said May, in astonishment; "you told me he liked some one else."

"I!" he exclaimed: "why, you little goose, you surely never believed my chaff! It was you he told me he liked."

"Oh, Bob!" exclaimed May, sorrowfully, "I snubbed him dreadfully, and I've never liked any one else."

"Oh, haven't you?" he replied; "I'll tell him so."

May could not answer, for she was dragging him softly up the kitchen stairs to the dining-room. They went on tiptoe to the door, which was a little way open, and saw the Major with his back towards them.

"Father," said May, putting her hand on his shoulder, "here is Bob come back again."

Her father rose to his feet in a moment, and turning round faced his children, but not a muscle of his stern, hard face relaxed. "I thought I had forbidden you ever to enter my house again," he said to his son.

"Won't you forget the past, father?" Bob said, holding out his hand; "I have done my best to atone for it. Won't you be friends, now, father?"

"No, sir," he answered angrily (and at the sound of his voice May's heart sank with fear and dismay), "I will not. A man who gets into debt again and again, and then tries to marry a girl with the certainty of nothing but debt and poverty and misery before them, shall be no son of mine; and it would take a little longer than two years to make me believe in any reformation of yours. No," and he shook off May's entreating hand, "I will not be friends, sir. I never spoke to my father as you did to me. I forbade you my house then, and forbid it to you again now."

"Father, let me, speak—"

"No, sir, I will not; you have no business here, and I have nothing more to say. Your presence in this house is an intrusion."

Then Bob pulled his cap out of his pocket. "I will never enter it again until you ask me, father," he said; and without another word walked out of the room and out of the house.

"Oh, father!" gasped May, as they stood blankly staring at each other; "oh, father, you might have forgiven him."

Then they sat down and looked at the fire again, till the neighboring clock struck ten.

"We will read the prayers and then go to bed," Major Carr said; but his voice was dreary, almost sad, it seemed to May.

He rose and brought the Bible and prayer-book from the shelf, as was his custom. He opened the former and read a chapter, but May could not listen, she was thinking of Bob in his lodging, not a mile off. Surely it would be more thorough religion to tell Bob the past was forgotten, she thought, than to sit there reading God's Word, telling of His goodness and mercy, and yet feeling hard and cold and relentless.

Then they knelt down, father and daughter together, the Major's even voice sounding clear and distinct in the dull stillness of the room, and his daughter hiding her face in her hands. Suddenly the words "Our Father, which art in heaven," fell on her ear. All other prayers may be sometimes said with the lips only, but surely that one has power to drive all worldly thoughts away; so May joined her hands, and followed her father, heart and voice. On he went, slowly and distinctly, and softly echoed May's sweet voice the holy words our Lord has taught us, till they came to—"As we forgive them that trespass against us."

Then, forgetting all else she broke forth, "Oh, father, you have not forgiven Bob!" and moving close to his side, and still kneeling, she put her arms round his neck and bursting into tears, "Oh, father!" she said, "you must not say those words, for you have not forgiven Bob."

"What is the matter, May? How dare you interrupt me in this way? Go back to your place."

"Oh, no—no!" she pleaded; "how can we go on? It is asking God not to forgive us, if we say that prayer while we are angry with any one. 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

"How dare you interrupt me?" he said again.

"Oh, but, dear father, it is a mockery," she said gently; "you cannot go on until you have taken Bob back." It seemed to May as if she were pleading for two things—Bob's pardon on earth and her father in heaven. "Oh, forgive him—forgive him now, father, and let to-night end it. It will make to-morrow such a blessed Christmas Day; and remember, as we forgive so shall we be forgiven. You would not spend to-morrow a single mile away from Bob, and yet so very far apart. Listen to me, oh! dear father, pray do!" and then she told him how Bob had paid his debts, and worked his way on, and had won the confidence of his employers, and how he was alone in Mary Taylor's little drawing-rooms in Northland-place.

Major Carr had resumed his seat, and listened to his daughter in silence, but gave no sign of relenting. She was silent at last, and waited for what he might say, still kneeling and looking up to him with beseeching face and tearful eyes. Then, after a moment or two, she turned sadly away from him. "I would give all the world if Bob were here to-night," she said. "Don't you remember how we decked the rooms with holly two years ago, and how happy we were?" Then her eye caught the open book upon the table, and she closed it quietly. "It is no use praying any more till Bob is forgiven," she said slowly. "Father," she added, "won't you forgive Bob, as you some day hope to be forgiven?"

"I never treated my father as he treated his," he repeated; but his face had softened a little, and half-absently, half-tenderly, he smoothed May's rumpled hair.

"But we have all sinned against our heavenly Father," she said, almost hopelessly, for she was beginning to fear it was in vain to plead longer. Then there was a silence, a long silence it seemed to May, and it was broken at last by the Major, and his tone had lost its dogged sternness.

"Where do you say Bob is?"

"Not a mile off—at Mary Taylor's." She looked up and she answered, and he saw the expression of eager hope and surprise which had come into her face with his question.

"You are very fond of him, May," he said.

"Yes, father," she answered, "am very,

very fond of Bob, and so are you in your heart, and I and you both know it."

"Perhaps," he said very slowly, "I will let him come here to-morrow and dine."

"Will you?" she cried excitedly. "Come to him to-night father! oh! you darling—you dear kind father! oh! pray do!" she said; "come, oh! do come! It is but just a little way," and she rose and began kissing him, beseeching and crying at the same time.

"Why, you silly child," he said, "you have gone out of your senses. How can I go to-night?"

"No, I am quite in my senses—I am indeed. Come to-night; he will not have gone to bed, and we can do as we like at Mary Taylor's. Let me come with you—oh! do; and I'll knock at the door, and then you shall come in afterwards." She almost pulled him up from his seat. "Oh! you dear, kind father!" she said, "I never loved you so much in my whole life, as now that you are going to forgive Bob."

"Nonsense," he said, "we cannot go now; I'll write to him in the morning."

"No, come now," she persisted, and, carried away by her excitement, he allowed himself to be half dragged into the hall, where, almost without knowing it, he put on his coat and hat, and waited while May wrapped a shawl round her and tied on her garden bonnet, and then they set off under the clear, starry, frosty sky for Bob's lodging. May clung to her father's arm and almost pushed him along, when now and then he hesitated, and once or twice she lovingly stroked the coat-sleeve on which her hand rested, and looked up at the handsome, stern face. The hard lines in it seemed softened, and it was a grand face, she thought; and to-night it looked as if one of God's angels had brought down a little love from heaven and dropped it into his heart, so that it shone out of his clear, unflinching eyes. Oh! she would always love her father dearly in future.

"We are nearly there," she said, "Hark! there are the wails in Bob's street."

"Well," asked her father, "what am I to do next? You should have brought Bob to me, I think, not taken me to him."

"Hush!" said May, softly, for suddenly on the still air rose the voices of a wandering church choir which had taken to carol-singing on that Christmas night. They stood still and listened while the wondrous story was told again, under the stars and outside Bob's lodging, by the singers of the neighboring church. They seemed like God's messengers, May thought. They waited till the third verse:

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign."

"Father," whispered May, "He came that we might be forgiven."

Major Carr turned his head away, then suddenly stooping down he kissed his daughter. "Go and tell your brother first, if you like; prepare the way as you wish, my dear. You are a good little girl." So from that night there seemed a bond between the father and daughter.

The drawing-room window of the house was wide open, but the blind was down. Bob, too, had evidently been listening to the Christmas song.

May knocked at the door half tremblingly; she did not know who might answer it, or what she should say. Major Carr walked on a few paces, wondering if he was awake or asleep, thinking suddenly that he had placed May in a very strange position in allowing her to seek even for her own brother at that time of night.

Mrs. Taylor answered May's knock, and Bob, who had evidently been at the top of the stairs, came down in astonishment. "May!" he exclaimed, "and at this time of night! Whatever is the matter?"

"Let me come up and I will tell you," she said. It was odd, but May thought she heard footsteps as she went up, but Bob's sitting-room was empty. "Bob," she said, "what would you say if father asked you to come home to-morrow?"

"Nonsense, May; you have gone out of your senses—besides, I should not think of entering the house again. Tell me why you have come."

"Wait here one moment," she said, gently and gravely, for she felt almost choking. "I am going to surprise you, dear; wait till I come back." Then she went down, but returned in a minute or two. He heard her coming upstairs, and, bewildered, heard other footsteps besides hers. Clearly May was dazed that night, he thought. The next moment she re-entered the room. "Bob," she said, "here is father, and he has come to forgive you." Then she saw through blinding tears Bob bound forward and clasp his father's hand, but that was all, for she escaped under the window-blind, threw the open case-ment out into the little balcony, and knelt down, half crying with gladness, half praying with gratitude, and listened to the voices of the singers again. She did not feel the cold, frosty air in her excitement, she only knew that her father had forgiven Bob, and that they were together in the room behind her. Fainter and fainter in the distance grew the sound of the Christmas hymns, yet still she did not move, till she heard the door of the drawing-room open and shut, and Bob say hurriedly, as if anxious to get rid of some one. "Go into the balcony, Kenneth." She drew her shawl closer around her, and turned her face more decidedly in the direction of the wails. The next moment the blind was lifted and George Kenneth was standing by her side.

"May," he said, "haven't you a welcome for me after all this time?" She raised her head so suddenly that her bonnet fell back a little way, and he saw the fair face again in the starlight—a face which had lost none of its old sweetness, though it was a woman's face rather than a girl's now.

"Yes," she answered, putting her hands into his extended ones, "I am very glad to see you back, George."

He thought he would settle matters while he had a chance. "Bob told me of the mistake," he said abruptly: "you don't know how it has worried me."

"Bob was a great stupid," she answered, rapidly recovering her composure and looking out in the direction of the vanished singers, "and now I will not forgive him."

"Yes, you will," he said.

"No, I won't," she answered decidedly.

"But you'll forgive me?"

"No, I won't."

"But you don't know what I want to be forgiven for yet," he said.

"Oh, no, no more I do," she suddenly recollected; "but I won't, nevertheless."

"Well, never mind," he said, we'll do without the forgiveness. You are glad to see me back, May?"

"Yes, very," she said. She felt matters had come to a crisis, and thought it wasn't worth while to dilly-dally any longer.

"And you haven't forgotten me all this time?" he said, and he felt May shake her golden head. Somehow he had got very close to May—you see the balcony was small. "And you will never make any more mistakes?"

"Never," she said: and that settled the business.

"Mary!" called her father; "why, we'd forgotten May."

"I'm glad of it," she thought, as she made her appearance, and took care not to see Bob shaking his fist and turning up his eyes in mock horror at her.

There was a very happy Christmas party in Wonderland-place the next day, and a still happier one on New Year's Day, when Mrs. Kenneth and Grace were included in it.

Two or three months later there was a little performance at the church close by. It was not a christening, nor a confirmation, nor a burial. Now, guess what it was!

LANDSEER AS A JUDGE OF DOGS.

Our sporting readers will be happy to hear that during the next spring many of the works of the late Sir Edwin Landseer will be offered for sale; and here we are reminded of an anecdote which may not prove uninteresting to his admirers. It is now some twenty years ago that a large party were assembled at one of the ducal ancestral homes of England, and among the guests expected was Sir Edwin. During the day the question turned upon which was the handsomest of two dogs, one a King Charles spaniel, called "Dash," belonging to the lady of the mansion, and a terrier, the property of a gallant officer in the navy, now an admiral. After describing the merits of the two dogs, an Englishman's argument, a wager, was resorted to; the duchess, if winner, to receive a certain number of Houbigant's best gloves from Paris, the captain to receive the beautiful hunt waistcoat of buff silk, ornamented with gold frogs, should his terrier "Tyke" carry off the prize. An understanding was then come to that Landseer should be the judge, but that not a hint or remark was to be given or made to him. For an hour before dinner, and during the entire evening, Dash was moving about the room, or stretching himself upon the rug before a blazing fire. Next morning a visit to the stable was made by all the guests, headed by the host and hostess. While admiring one of the duke's hunters, "Tyke" made his appearance. "What a beauty!" said Sir Edwin. The captain gave a look at the hostess, who immediately replied, "Fairly won;" and within a week he appeared at table in the hunt waistcoat. During the visit a sketch was made of Tyke, who afterwards appeared as "Impudence" in that splendid work of art, "Dignity and Impudence." Fifteen years elapsed, when one day the captain found himself in a railway carriage bound for Chatham to join his ship, when who should enter the compartment but Landseer. For some time he looked at the gallant sailor, and appeared anxious and perplexed; at last, as if in despair in not remembering the name of his companion, blurted out, "Tyke." A recognition followed, and a talk about old times whiled away the time until they reached Chatham, where they parted. Poor Tyke met with a sad end; he was bitten by a mad dog and destroyed.

COMPULSORY "CONTRIBUTION."—A correspondent tells this singular story: "A Washington churches outrage decency in their begging operations. I was witness a year ago to one of these 'scenes.' General Grant was invited to be present, and not dreaming of what was coming, after the sermon he was compelled to remain two hours in his pew, while three or four professional beggars coaxed, whined, threatened, and denounced the audience. Those present were beseeched to give \$500 apiece, and \$250, and finally \$100 each. It came almost to calling those present by name. I was glad to see that the President refused to surrender to this highwayman's style of begging. There he sat motionless for nearly two hours and endured the great 'begging feat.'"

IN LIQUOR.

A mouse one day on frolic bent,
About a brewery roaming,
Into a beer-butt sudden went,
And called, with sighs and groaning,
Into a cat which passed that way,
"Though to its sight most hateful,
"Sweet puss, come lift me out, I pray,
And I'll prove ever grateful."
"How would it help you in the least,"
Replied Grimalkin, grinning,
"When I at once should on you feast—
And where would be the sinning?"
"And better so than here to drown,
Dear puss—so help me speedy,
And I'll to you my life pay down,
And will not call you greedy."
"Quick, quick, or you will be too late!
I perish, I am freezing!"
Puss helped him out, but, luckless fate,
The beer fumes set her sneezing.
The mouse she dropped, which sped away,
And in its hole safe nestled;
Puss, disappointed of her prey,
With craft and anger wrestled.
"Come from that hole," she cried, "and roam
With me in regions upper;"
"Excuse me, puss, I'll keep at home—
So seek elsewhere your supper."
"You cheating rascal, think, oh, think,
You promised I should eat you
If I would help you; now you shrink—
Come out, let me entreat you."
"I know I promised," mouse said,
"Yet wonder not nor bicker,
For when such promise it was made
You know I was 'in liquor.'"

WHAT RELATION.

When Mary Abwell received the intelligence that an old uncle, dying, had made her heiress to one of the finest and most valuable estates in Australia, she and her young husband concluded to visit it. For Charles Abwell, though in comfortable circumstances in his native land, was yet only the second son of a nobleman, and as, at the time we write of, it was a disgrace for the son of a noble to engage in trade, and he had no fancy for the ministry or military, his proud, energetic nature felt a yearning to escape from the thralldom of lethargy forced upon it by birth, and seek a new country where no honourable employment of brain and hands would be considered a disgrace. His brave little wife sympathized with him in his yearning for a broader sphere of action, and so, with their household effects, they took passage for themselves and their little ten-year-old daughter, Mima, in a vessel bound for Sydney.

A single day, however, before the sailing of the vessel, and after they had taken leave of their friends, and gone aboard, a message came to Charles Abwell announcing the probably fatal illness of his father. The dying man pleaded with his son to come to him once again for a last farewell.

The grief-stricken son could not refuse. A hurried consultation was had between him and his wife, at which it was determined that the young wife and child should continue their journey to their new home, Mary's presence there being required at once, to properly secure to her the legacy from her uncle, while Charles should go to his father's bedside, receive his last blessing, and rejoin his family by the first vessel sailing thereafter.

The parting between these loving hearts, though it seemed to them their separation could only exist a few months at the most, was indeed a sad one.

Mary Abwell and little Mima had a prosperous voyage; they safely reached their new home and were enchanted with it. And now the days passed to them in familiarizing themselves to their new, strange, happy lives, and picturing the delight of the loving husband and father when he came to them.

But he did not come. Instead of his own beloved form, there came intelligence that the vessel in which he took passage had been lost, with all on board. Ah, those were fearful days of agony that followed, to the poor, weeping, widowed mother in her darkened chamber and to the little awe-stricken child, who realized that something awful had happened, but could not comprehend the nature of her loss.

"He will come to me; he is not drowned; his dear eyes will yet look into my own, or upon the mound marking my last resting-place," the poor, weeping wife would constantly repeat, even when months of waiting and watching piled upon each other, forming years.

Mary Abwell realized that her own life could not be a long one, and through these sorrowful years her one joy was in training her child's mind and person to every sweet, virtuous trait, impressing upon her strength of purpose and self-reliance, that, when left alone in the world, she would not be helpless.

Mima Abwell was in her twentieth year, a lovely girl, noble, brave and womanly, when her mother, feeling that her life's mission was done, went quietly to her eternal rest. Even in her last breath her faith in the one inspiration of her life all these years found its expression in her weeping child.

"Your father will come," she said; "watch for him, and tell him that I waited here as long as I could, hoping to meet him."

Her presentiment proved itself true,

The flowers planted by the loving hands of Mima over the mound that marked her mother's resting-place were blooming their first time when a foreign letter came to the faithful heart ever at rest. It devolved on Mima to open it.

How powerless are words to express her emotions, her bewilderment and her intense flood of joy, when these written lines revealed to her the knowledge that her father, mourned so long as dead, was alive, and would soon be with her. His letter revealed all that was mysterious in his long silence.

When the vessel that, more than ten years previous, was conveying Charles Abwell to Australia, to rejoin his wife and daughter, foundered in the great ocean, he clung to a floating spar, and for many fearful hours of thirst and hunger and suffering he was beaten about from wave to wave.

On the second day, when life seemed hopeless to him, and reason had almost deserted him, a vessel bore down upon him, and he was plucked out of the cruel waters, only to face a more cruel fate.

His rescuers were pirates, and in their stronghold he served as a slave for ten long years, each day being a succession of abuse and suffering more pitiless than death itself.

The hope of escape, the hope to once more clasp his wife and child to his bosom, gave him strength to live on, and deliverance came at last. His letter to his dead wife was dated from his native England, and it terminated with the glad intelligence that as soon as he had regained sufficient strength to undertake the sea voyage he would hasten to his wife and child.

It was a hard task to write the words that must add a great, life-long sorrow to the awful weight of woe this poor, frail, suffering man had borne. Amidst tears of love and sympathy, Mima revealed in tenderest words to him the death of her mother, telling him of her patient love and trust during all the waiting years, and of her last message for him. And then she told him how fondly she, as his daughter, loved him, and how much she needed his loving presence and counsel, begging him to hasten to her.

In due time an answer came from him, assuring her that she was the only dear link binding his heart to the earth now. He would hasten to her, that he might bestow upon her the fondest love of a father, and be near his wife's last resting-place. He would leave by the first vessel following that which carried the letter to her.

"It is more than ten years, Mima, since you last looked into your father's face. Do you think you will know him?"

The speaker was Caird Meredyth, a young man of twenty-five years, son of a neighbour, and a dear friend and welcome visitor always to Mima Abwell, as he had also been to her mother during her life, although, after all, in a different way. For the sweet experience which rounds out and makes perfect in loveliness every woman's nature, the experience without which her life is a failure, had already come to Mima. She loved Caird Meredyth; he was worthy of her love, and returned it with a passion as strong and pure.

"Know my dear father!" she exclaimed, in astonishment at his query. "I could recognize him among a thousand, I feel certain."

"Then you must have a distinct recollection of his features as you saw them last, dear Mima. Please describe him to me, for am I not most interested in him, next to yourself?"

She looked bewildered; how could she describe him when her only remembrance, being put to the test, was most vague and shadowy—the remembrance, simply, of a face of noble outline, of soft, tender eyes, filled with honesty and sincerity, and of kind voice?

"His eyes will reveal him to me," she persisted; "then he will look so noble, so grand and self-reliant—so honorable, that I cannot mistake him. Surely, Caird, there must exist such an intuitive sympathy between us that we will be irresistibly drawn to each other."

He sighed deeply as he answered: "I hope you are correct, Mima, but I cannot be anything but miserable until I know him. Have you thought, darling, that he may refuse to ratify the gift that you have given me of yourself—that he may deny me the privilege of soon calling you my wife?"

Her arms clung in a moment round his neck, on witnessing his distress, while she said, looking bravely into his eyes, for she loved too fondly, and was too pure and innocent to be ashamed of showing her affection.

"My father will be too noble, Caird, to be guilty of anything that would make his child miserable. Besides, I know he will be proud of you, for no one who knows you can help feeling so."

His hand, laid tenderly over her mouth, stopped the utterance of all else that she would honestly have added in the same strain, but her loving words were not without their effect upon the young man. He parted from his betrothed reassured and happy.

And she retired to her chamber, and quietly thought over all that her lover had said, going to sleep after it happy and without fear.

Nothing could have been more startling than the information that awaited her on opening her eyes the following morning. Her father had arrived during the night, and was in the library now waiting for her. How she robed herself, how she reached the threshold of that room holding her long lost parent, she never after could realize. There she stopped, clinging to the door for support, while she eagerly searched the face of the elderly man opposite her, who stood with

his outstretched arms and eager face, welcoming her.

But from that face and figure her eyes wandered searchingly, unsatisfied, around the room, coming back to it again with an awful depth of disappointment in her face.

"No, no, you are not my dear father," she said. "Oh, where is my father? Has he not come? Have they been deceiving me?"

And, with heart-breaking sobs, she turned to fly from the room.

"Mima, my daughter?" exclaimed the strange man, in sad reproach, "you deeply wound me by your conduct. Alas! have I, too, lost the love of my child? Have I been spared through so much suffering to feel the ungratefulness of the only object on earth I love? Cruel fate, why has life been preserved to me that I may only curse it?"

He sank into a chair, and, holding his face in his hands, wept bitterly.

Mima hesitated but a moment longer, and then springing to the side of the bowed form, wrapped her arms about it, exclaiming:

"Forgive me for my heartlessness. I did not mean to wound you, or ever give you cause to feel a sorrow. But it is all so sudden I cannot think—I cannot understand. Tell me, I pray you, as you hope for peace hereafter, are you indeed my own long-lost father? Oh, do not deceive me!"

The poor girl's pleadings would have touched the hardest heart, they were so pitiful.

He looked up reproachfully, his cheeks wet with tears.

"Alas! my daughter," he exclaimed, bitterly, "have you let the world usurp your mind so much as to wipe away from your memory all remembrance of my face? What stronger proof can you ask than which may be found in my looks?"

"Forgive me," he added, hurriedly, wrapping his arms around her, as he saw the pain his words occasioned her, "I was too hasty in condemning you, forgetting how the sufferings I have undergone must have changed my appearance. I have abundant proofs of my identity, dear child, but can you not recognize some familiar features in me?"

She looked long and searchingly into his face. "It is like, and yet not like," she murmured in a bewildered way.

Then with an effort she added,

"I may have been wilful, my father, but if you can forgive me and bear with me, you will at least find me a dutiful daughter. I do not know my own mind—I am bewildered. I need time to think over all this—time to grow familiar with your appearance and your tastes—time to know you. Bear with me, I pray you, if it is for months that I ask it, and surely the love and devotion that I had thought were already in my heart will come back and be yours."

He pressed her shrinking form to his breast, and kissed her, saying:

"The suddenness of my arrival and your long expectation and anxiety have overcome you, my dear child. Go now to your room, and rest yourself."

She tottered, rather than walked, away. When within her own room she paced its floor for hours, pressing her throbbing temples and trying to think, to reason, to understand. But ever before her, like a dreadful nightmare, was the memory of that face, like and yet so vastly unlike that which she expected to see in her father. The contour of the face was in some respects similar to her ideal face, but alas! there was no nobleness, no true bravery nor honesty, no gentleness nor forbearance in the small, cunning deceptive eyes and the thin, cruel, scornful lips of that man who called himself her father.

Then, and many times in every succeeding day during the following month, Mima would flee from his presence, lock herself within her room, and throw herself down in the wild abandonment of grief, moaning:

"He is not my father! Oh, I cannot call him that!"

But quite as many times a day she censured herself, and wept bitter tears over what she termed her wilfulness in not giving him, without question, doubt or condition, the love of a daughter. Her life was indeed one of most pitiful misery, divided as it was between a desire to do her duty and a fearful horror of this man who claimed to be her father.

She might have learned in time to be more like a daughter to him but for certain outcroppings of his character, which manifested themselves after he had been established as master of his new home a week. He was tyrannical and cruel to the servants, who had been used only to kindness from Mima and her mother. He was parsimonious, treacherous and dishonest in his dealings. He began to be overbearing and unkind to Mima, often speaking rudely to her, and when Caird Meredyth paid his usual visits, he was so boorish and ungentlemanly in his treatment of him as to make it almost unbearable to that proud-spirited youth. It was only, however, after he learned that Mima's sense of duty to him as her father was so great as to overcome her own yearnings that he forbade her from encouraging the attentions of Caird and treated her harshly.

The first month of life since the arrival of her parent was indeed a most sorrowful and bitter one to Mima.

Caird Meredyth was in agony over the way matters were progressing. He realized every time he saw Mima's sad face—which was seldom now, for he had almost ceased his visits to her home, that he might escape constant insults

from her father—that a few months more of such dreadful life to her would kill her.

Thinking it all over one evening, he determined to go over to Mima's home, knowing that her father would be absent on that evening, and attempt to induce her to become his wife at once, and thus secure his protection.

It was a lovely moonlit evening, and as he approached Mima's home he saw her on the verandah, and hastened his steps, feeling his heart beat faster and more joyfully as he approached the lovely girl. She did not see him; she seemed intent in thought, and he had planned how he would surprise her when, suddenly and with a startled scream, she sprang from her seat.

Looking hastily to perceive the cause of her alarm, he saw that a man in sailor's costume, had sprung from the shrubbery up the verandah steps to within a step or two of Mima.

Before Caird could carry out his purpose to spring upon him, thinking his intentions there not honest, the man spoke:

"Don't be afraid of me, Miss Mima," he began.

"What do you wish? I do not recognize you," Mima said, trembling with apprehension.

"Why, you see, miss, there's a poor old man lying over here who is very ill, and if you'd just come over and talk with him I know your sweet voice would do him good. When it bewitches young fellows out of their senses it might bewitch sense into the old man. Oh, what's that?"

Caird had laid his hand on the man's collar, and he showed every sign of terror and a strong desire to escape until he learned that his captor did not belong to the Abwell household.

"Won't you go, miss?" he continued, pleadingly.

"Yes, I will, hoping I may be of use to the poor sufferer," the brave girl answered. "Caird, you will accompany us?"

The man in great delight hastened away, the lovers closely following. He led them to a lonely spot on which stood a log hut, in which they found, stretched upon a pallet, the emaciated form of a man. His thin, worn face, and gray head and beard, were a sad enough spectacle, but when, awakening from a slumber by their entrance, and perceiving them, he sprang away in wildest terror from them, guarding himself behind the sailor and pleading piteously with the faithful fellow not to let those strange people take him away or harm him, they realized that his ailment was a mental one—that his reason was affected!

What was there in that sad, crazed face that irresistibly drew Mima to it? A great love and pity welled up in her heart at once for this poor, frail man; she could not have helped going to him, laying her electric fingers upon his hands, gently detaining them, and asking him to trust and love her. With a glad look of surprise the sufferer followed her to the pallet, murmuring as if to himself:

"She is not one of my enemies; she will not harm me. She is an old, old friend of mine. I recognize her now."

And then, while she smoothed his gray hairs with her magic touch, he prattled away to her in child-like, silly talk, and she answered him as if he were indeed a child.

Caird and the sailor left them thus, realizing that Mima alone with the invalid could soothe him as no medicine might do. When they returned a half-hour later they found that gray head nestling trustingly on Mima's bosom and those wild eyes closed in peaceful slumber. Already this suffering man was much better from Mima's ministrations.

Before they left the humble hut the sailor again impressed upon them, almost with terror in his voice, the importance to his suffering master and himself that Mima's father should not know of this mission of theirs nor of the refugees and the hut, lest they should fall under his wrath.

They promised to be silent.

Caird, though using all his eloquence, could not convince Mima that it would be right for her to disobey her parent and without his consent become his wife.

"We will wait," she said, with such trusting confidence in their future that it conquered him.

"Though years of separation should elapse, it cannot change our love, dear Caird, and our happiness then will be greater for having performed our duty to others."

But Caird found some joy. He met Mima frequently, for every day she stole away from her home down to the hut there to spend an hour with the poor, stricken old man in it and afterwards to walk home with her lover. She could not account for the irresistible way she was drawn to the strange old man. She was happier with him than with any other, except Caird; she clung to him with all the anxious intensity that a mother would to her stricken child—learning to eagerly watch every changing expression of his face and anticipate his every wish.

Mima's visits to the invalid were not fruitless. He grew to watch for them with painful eagerness, going into wild despair if from any reason she was delayed in reaching him. His eyes grew to be not so wild, his face not so sad and his speech more sensible. Under Mima's soothing influence reason was attempting to again assert its throne. It was most pitiful at such time to witness the efforts of the poor, weak man to grasp some thread of memory that, however, when he felt sure of the victory, eluded him and left him in despair.

During one of these visits to the hut Mima proposed a walk, which the invalid gladly acceded to, leaning on Mima's arm and prattling

away in great glee. The sailor and Caird led the way. How it came about none knew, but the party found themselves without premeditation at the burial ground where rested Mima's mother and many others. The invalid began to read the words inscribed on the heads-stones that he passed, until he became to one more pretentious and tasteful than the rest, from which he read aloud:

MARY ABWELL.
AGED 42.

He started as he pronounced the name, clasped his hands over his temples and repeated it slowly several times in a strange bewilderment. Then, as if light came to him suddenly, he fell prone upon the mound with a great moaning sob, and, wrapping his arms around the stone containing that name, wept as if his heart was breaking.

Mima stood powerless in amazement. Caird sprang forward to lift the prostrate form, but the sailor stopped him with serious meaning in his face. Thus they remained for several minutes, when the weeping man aroused himself, and, arising slowly to his feet, looked vacantly upon the faces before him, recognizing none until he encountered the sailor's eager, expectant gaze. Then, holding out his hand to the faithful fellow, he exclaimed, with the light of reason again in his eyes.

"I have had a long, dark, fearful, dream, but the clouds are all gone at last. See, here is my poor dead wife. They tried to cheat me out of her grave even, but I have found it after a long, long search. Come, I am strong now, and we will go and search for my daughter—my poor little Mima."

The Mima who heard these mysterious words started and trembled violently, and then there suddenly came upon her an explanation of it all. She would have rushed into the strange man's arms, but Caird held her back, realizing the time had not come for that.

"How came I here?" the old man continued. "I thought I could remember it all, but the thread of memory is again slipping out of my grasp. Ha, I do remember all; my escape from among pirates, the intelligence of my wife's death, my departure to meet my daughter accompanied by you, my gallant friend, who were on our arrival here to be my servant, and also by my foster brother, to whom I offered a home with myself and child, our pleasant voyage homeward, and then that fatal night when almost in sight of port. David Rose, my foster-brother, and myself were on deck alone. The night was dark. I was leaning over the taffrail, when, suddenly looking up, I saw David with a knife upraised to strike me. I was too late to save myself, the blow fell, I felt myself forced over into the water, and from that moment all the rest is a blank."

"I saw that awful deed," the faithful sailor eagerly added; "I dashed over into the water, got you up and got you ashore. I had heard you talk about the home of yours where your daughter was awaiting you, and I had you brought here, for I knew the way. But, ah, they were dark days that followed, for that wicked blow, though it didn't cut deep, seemed to have knocked all the sense out of you, and nobody could find it until a sweet angel came to you."

"A lovely girl, wasn't she, with kind, tender eyes, soft, soothing hands and a voice like sweet music?" the old man gasped. "The memory of her seems like an enchanted dream to me. Can I not find her to bless her for restoring my reason to me? I will love her next to my own dear Mima."

The sailor pointed to the real Mima. Already the old man's eyes had fastened her upon in bewilderment, in amazement, and then in a tremor of hope, of wild expectation. The brave girl who had been so patient, who had borne so much in these minutes of startling disclosure, reached out her arms, pleadingly, and, no longer restrained by Caird, murmured the word "Father!"

"My long-lost daughter! my own Mima!" he almost shrieked, realizing all the truth and rushing to embrace her.

At last the real Charles Abwell had his daughter Mima clasped to his heart.

We need not dwell upon the happiness of these two long-separated ones in these first moments of their reunion, nor describe how proud they were of each other and how full of genuine love were their hearts. Any one looking into Charles Abwell's eyes now could see the evidence that again reason sat firmly enthroned over his mind. It was only when those surrounding him were quite sure of this that they revealed to him the presence of a usurper in his and Mima's home. He knew this false person could be no other than his own foster-brother who had attempted to murder him and believed him dead, and it was with a fierce purpose at his heart that he accompanied Mima and the others at once to her home.

But when Charles Abwell faced that cowardly imposter, and saw him cringing at his feet in most abject terror, pleading for his miserable life, he could not find it in his heart to visit the craven with the punishment he so richly deserved, so he spurned him from him, warning the treacherous man to for ever avoid his path. And he did!

A month after there was a happy wedding. Caird and his lovely wife made the home of Mima's father their home also, and it was ever after a home of sunshine and gladness, indeed. The faithful sailor had a warm corner in this home, for he was not forgotten or neglected by those he had helped to make so happy. His life was one of ease and comfort thereafter, and he deserved it all.

KITTY WARD'S RESOLUTION.

For two years Kittle Ward had been earnestly striving to be good. She desired, beyond all things, to be pure in heart, true in motive, single in purpose. But the result did not satisfy her. To her very great mortification she was forced to see that the real obstacle was self-love. The issue of all this was the following insertion in her diary; "Resolved; with the help of Heaven, I will seek to do good where and in what degree I can, without any thought or hope of reward or return in any way."

Here a pleasant voice from an adjoining room called, "Kitty love!"

"Yes, dear mother," returned the young girl, "Here are two invitations for you. Come for them."

Kitty opened one, which ran as follows:

"DEAR PUSS.—Pack up your prettiest dresses and bring them, with your sweet face, over to Woodlawn. I want to borrow you for a month or two. Bring all your supply of merry smiles, bright looks, and winning ways; for the Marcia, Livingstons, and Lees are here. Also, my dear *bas-bleu*, bring all your wisdom; for Ursa Major is coming on the last of the month. He cares for nothing earthly but learning, and never opens his mouth to a lady save to growl. Perhaps I should explain. By Ursa Major I mean Doctor, the great *savant*—who, by the way, is likewise a great *partit*. I will send the carriage to the station for you. Good-bye, dearie."

"COUSIN ALICE."

The second note, from a good old Quaker aunt of her father's, was in a different strain:

"My dear Katharine.—Will thee come and stay with thy old aunt for a few weeks? I am sorely afflicted with rheumatism, and quite helpless. I long for thy bright face and cheerful voice. If thee will come, thee will be doing a great kindness to thy affectionate

"AUNT RUTH."

Kittle was thoughtful for some time.

"Mother, what shall I do?" she asked anxiously.

"What do you wish, my child?" inquired Mrs. Ward,

"Do you not think that cousin Sarah would go to aunt Ruth?" she said after a pause.

"Very likely," replied the mother.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Kittle eagerly, "I should like so much to go to Woodlawn! It is so delightful there. The company is always refined, intelligent and entertaining. And doctor Randall is to be there. He has been abroad for years, engaged in scientific researches connected with his profession. He knows everything!"

Mrs. Ward saw very well the struggle which her daughter was undergoing, but she only said, "Decide for yourself, my dear," and left her.

Kitty ran upstairs, fully determined to go to Woodlawn, but the first object that met her gaze was her diary and—the resolution.

Then commenced a sharp conflict. The many and varied delights of Woodlawn passed before her—the rides, the excursions, the boating parties, the *fetes* of all kinds—and the elegance and refinement of its surroundings; and in strong contrast was patient, suffering aunt Ruth, in her quiet little home, widowed and childless for years, with no company, nothing cheerful.

"Well, now if ever there is a chance to act upon my new resolution—"

To avoid further temptation, Kittle wrote a letter full of regrets to cousin Alice, and one of acceptance to Aunt Ruth.

Aunt Ruth took off her spectacles and wiped her eyes, when she read Kittle's note, and said, "The blessed child!" and then handed it to the physician by her bedside. This physician, a quiet-looking gentleman, with a broad, white forehead, was the child of a dear, early friend of aunt Ruth's.

Kitty came at the appointed time, and within a week the house was a changed place. The doors and windows were opened, the sweet air and bright sunshine let in. Bouquets were scattered here and there, freshly arranged each day. The rigid arrangement of the furniture was broken. Aunt Ruth's old piano was turned and drawn up near the door of her room, that Kitty might sing to her. Aunt Ruth's good old heart was greatly rejoiced by this change, and the doctor wondered greatly. He saw the effect, and knew Kittle to be the cause, but the means were to him a mystery. From day to day he wondered what change such a bright spirit would make in his grand but sombre old place, a mile or two distant.

Nothing could exceed Kitty's amazement when she found that aunt Ruth's friend, to whom she had written so often, of whom she talked so much, was the great doc. She did not talk much in his presence, for she stood in real awe of him; but her delight was unspeakable in listening to his conversation with aunt Ruth. His vast knowledge, his varied experience, his noble ideas were better here than she could have known him at Woodlawn.

To the doctor Kittle was a revelation. He had never had much time or opportunity for enjoying the society of ladies. He was not at all versed in their ways or manners. He thought Kitty's beaming face was like sunshine; her merry laugh like rippling waters; her voice like sweet melody. He noted her womanly ways, her gentleness, her kindness. He found her "never weary of well-doing, never seeking her own."

It fell out as Kitty had predicted. Aunt Ruth grew rapidly better. So, after all, Kittle went to Woodlawn about the time that Doctor Randall did. But, for some reason, she did not enjoy it as she had in former times. Everything lacked tone and interest, and she looked back

with a sigh to the quiet conversations in aunt Ruth's sick-room. She saw but little of Doctor Randall. He seemed engrossed by the gentlemen. The fact was, he avoided her; for, when he saw her so sought by her young friends, no party being complete without her, the delight and joy of all, he began to fear that the society of a dull student like himself must be irksome, and he only then discovered what it would be to him to have her always.

Towards the close of the visit Doctor Randall proposed that the party should transfer themselves to his place for a week or so. This invitation was hailed with delight; for Randall Place, with its majestic trees, beautiful views, long avenues, grassy lawns, and, above all, grand, mysterious rooms, closed since his mother's death, were objects of interest to all. Not the smallest of Kitty's pleasures was that she found dear aunt Ruth there. But yet Kitty carried a dreary heart the while; for it seemed to her that all her interest in life was concentrated in this one spot, and how soon she was to leave it!

One day Doctor Randall sat in his library alone, his head buried in his hands. Aunt Ruth came softly in. She saw his look of wretchedness.

"Thee ought to be a happy man, Hugh Randall, with these broad lands, and thy great opportunities to do good. But thee does not look so."

"Aunt Ruth, I would give all of this, and more for the onelittle ewe lamb that is not mine."

"What dost thee mean, Hugh?"

"I mean that my selfish heart pines for your little Kitty."

Aunt Ruth walked out of the library with more celerity than her aged body usually permitted, went to Kitty's room, in a manner that might be called excited, and said—

"Katharine, go to the library; the doctor has need of thee."

Kitty hastened, a little alarmed.

"Aunt Ruth says you want me, Doctor Randall."

"I do want you—I do! What else did she tell you? That my whole being is crying out for you, that my heart is hungry and insatiable? But I did not mean to disturb your happy life—I did not mean this knowledge to come to you."

Kittle turned her sweet, true face full upon him.

"Doctor Randall, in all the world there is nothing I would rather have than your love. She has been his wife now for six months."

Mrs. Randall is a good and noble woman, Doctor Randall is a good and noble man; and there is no reason why they should not lead good and noble lives. Aunt Ruth has closed her little house, and is their honored guest. Kittle still strives ardently to keep her resolution, but her husband thinks she never had need to make it.

THE CASUAL OBSERVER.

AN UNPLEASANT PLACE.

"Poof! What a horrible smell!" and by an involuntary action a handkerchief is placed to the nose, with the effect, not of stifling the horrible odour, but of filtering it and making it leave some of its impurities behind.

"Now, do you know, I cannot smell it!" The last speaker is the superintendent of the great pumping station at Abbey Mills, near Stratford—that noble-looking, cruciform, Alhambra-like fane, with chimney shafts after the fashion of Eastern minarets, the whole standing up like a palace amidst the squalid, hideous stench-creating factories of Bow-common. For pray do not imagine that the Observer has been paying a visit to the home of Shakspeare, since his journey has only been by tramway from White-chapel, just beyond where the butcher's shambles stand a-row, and the broad road is encumbered with hay carts.

We had seen the interior of the great station, with its eight vast engines, each with a twenty-seven ton beam working a couple of pumps, their united efforts lifting millions of gallons of liquid refuse from that low-level sewer, thirty-six feet, to the high-level sewer, whence it flows of its own gravity to the Thames, miles away.

We had seen all this, and now stood in what is termed the filth-house to see the dregs, scum, waifs, strays, flotsam and jetsam of the London sewage; and upon exclaiming respecting the mal-odour, our guide tells us that use has educated his sense of smelling so that he cannot detect this vile vapour which fills the building where we stand. It is a lofty, open, stone-paved place with six large shafts yawning in the door and a horrible, rushing, hollow noise, as of subterranean waters hurrying along far below. And this is the case; for along three channels the sewage of twenty-five square miles of London is dashing on into the vast pump wells, to be sucked through large pumps nearly twelve feet round. But less anything solid and hard should reach these pumps, we have the six shafts at our feet, down three of which are lowered by chains and weight as many iron-barred cages or strainers, which fit in front of the sewage channels, and through which the liquid passes, leaving its scum and larger dregs behind.

And now, while these three strainers are doing duty, other three have been raised, loaded with unutterable filth, which a couple of fork-armed men remove in barrows to a heap outside, upon which one of them, as he empties his barrow,

dusts chloride of lime—the extent of man's chemistry. Nature does the rest, for it is let by contract to the market gardeners of the district, and goes to enrich their soil with phosphates, nitrates, and fertilizing salt enough to puzzle a chemist. What have we? Nothing to the extent that might be anticipated, only some two or three cartloads a day more being brought down after a storm has flushed the sewers of sediment. But there are some strange things, nevertheless. Tiny relics of humanity, telling of crimes of which baby-farming is but one outlet; rags of all kinds, once white and coloured, but such now as no marine-store dealer would buy at the lowest price; paper, from the least shred of news, in filthy pulp; corks by the ton, in the course of the year, from those doll-like little pellets that stop the homoeopath's globe tubes, through every size of phial and bottle cork, to the big and beery bung that comes sailing sedately down the solid consequence acquired by intimacy with London's stout.

Not much in a cork; but this one tells of watching nights by a sick pillow—"One-sixth every three hours," this again says plainly—"Here y'ar—only a penny a bottle."

That one has the marks of the wire, and stuck in a soda-water bottle's throat; that again has a stain on its bulging end—logwood or generous port—who knows? While here again is a gouty cork, that blew out with a report when wire and string were loosed—a kingly cork this, who began life as garment to a mighty oak in a Spanish forest, and afterwards ruled in Champagne. His silvery tinfoil crown yet adheres to his head, and as he lies there prone upon the filthy heap, one thinks of fallen greatness, and of the feast or dissipated riot where he parted from his friend, the bottle.

Rush, rush, rush,—the water foams along below as we look at the filthy dripping cages, seeking for salient points amongst the loathsome mud, to see patches of hair, and, in another place, garbage—the refuse of some slaughter-house—hurried into the sewers that sweep on busily always beneath our feet. The filth that might be expected to abound does not seem to exist, dissolving as it comes in the floods of water. Indeed, so little solid matter is there that, after passing through these cages, the sewage lifted by the pumps contains no very great number of grains of solid matter in the gallon, and a phial thereof in a few hours shows clear water, with a little dark sediment at the bottom.

But all the same, it is a vile odor here, for these last miles of the sewers pass through a busy manufacturing district whose chimney's vomit strange vapours, and whose refuse passing into the sewers generates compounds of gas that float above the waters, and lurk in the channels till fired by a light, when they flash along in a deadly blaze, carrying death and destruction in their wake.

Parts of the sewers here are as dangerous as a fiery Staffordshire mine; for Bow-common has its chemical works and distilleries of strange things, factories of blood manure and dye, soap and scent. If there is a nauseous or poisonous trade to be carried on, it finds its home at Bow; and, in spite of enactment and fine, its filth gravitates to the sewers.

What more is there in this heap? The eye and understanding almost fail to tell, while the nose curls with repugnance, and refuses to lend its aid. There is grease though, there, evidently the contribution of some sink; but it is battered out of its six-pence-like shape.

There is something here, though, whatever it may be.

Worm?

No!

Snake?

No!

Sewer leech?

No!

But all the same, it is something round, and taper, and long, limp, and black of line. A rat's tail! and behold the body that belongs—the rat himself—a long-whiskered, rodent don, with sharp white teeth; a grease-feaster, who has in his search for delicacies ventured too far from his friendly drain, and been swept down the current to one of these ghastly well-holes, where he has swum and swum till endurance failed—till he sank down—"A rat, a rat, dead for a ducat!" one of hundreds who meet the same fate, scavengers, as they are, of London's veins, and useful but for their propensity to burrow and destroy.

Another cage comes up, with a hollow, plashing noise, the foul water dripping from it fast, until it hangs suspended, and a man, hale and hearty-looking in spite of nineteen years of such work, goes up with a barrow to unload it of its burden. He thrusts in his sharp fork, and drags the dripping rubbish from the slimy bars. There is the same matted paper and rag, rotten and loathsome hair, and what seems to be bone. There is a tangle, too, of cane, which tells of fashionable distension. On the water that drips there are iridescent hues that glisten in the light—tar-oil these, escaped from some works where manure and magenta aniline dyes are born. Again, too, there is a relic of poor silly fashion in these springy, oxidized wires, half covered with cotton, and held together by scraps of rotten tape—hoops these—the so-called crinoline. France is twenty miles across the Channel, but far too near for our comfort, as proved by the strange modes. But enough of the filth-house for one day—an interesting place, and, in connection with the sewers and pumping-works, a monument worthy of comparison with the vaulted works of Latin hands, but bearable only by an educated sense of smell.

PREMONITIONS.

[The following is from a little volume entitled "Way-side Verses," by Thomas Brevoir, in which there are some pieces marked by much poetical feeling.]

In the soft and tender twilight,
When the shadows faintly fall
On the green and pleasant meadow,
Where the poplars straight and tall

Stand like sentinels on duty;
When the birds have gone to nest,
And the sun in fading splendor
Sinks behind the purple west—

Then I love to sit and ponder
By the embers' fitful glow,
On the days that are departed:
Then the friends of long ago

Troop around and sit beside me,
Not as phantoms of the brain;
But I stretch my hand expectant
Of their grasp in mine again.

For they are more truly present
Than the world that round me lies:
Nought is e'er so constant with us
As the heart's fond memories.

Are they not true premonitions
Of the better time to come,
When all we loved on earth shall gather
In the soul's eternal home!

THE CAVES OF ADELSBERG.

ANT. These be lies.
MEN. Ay, that they be, and truth;
For truth, like woman, must be clothed with lies.
Lest foolish man lack sympathy.

Titus Andronicus, act ii. scene 4.

I think, when beginning to write about something in which one feels great interest, it is best not to go straight at the subject at once, but for a time to wander about a little, that one may get a better idea of its position, and so be able to come down on it with a swoop, like a hawk after its circlings in the air. So I shall start from Vienna, and trust to Providence and luck to carry me on to Adelsberg.

It appears—but of this I cannot be sure—that at Vienna some strange distinction, which I cannot understand, is made between the trains of grande vitesse and petite vitesse. My reason for saying this appears so is the following:

We, A and B, booked our luggage at Vienna for Adelsberg, received the usual tickets—after the usual delay—and saw our beloved portmanteaus labelled "Adelsberg."

We started with the train.
"Didn't see the luggage put in," said A.
"Nor I," said B. "We must ask."
So we asked. And we looked, and the luggage was not there. We telegraphed from the next station, and at Adelsberg received an answer. The luggage had been sent on by a later train to Nadresina.

"Can't be right," said A suspiciously. "You've made a mistake in translating. Why send on to Nadresina?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied B. "This fellow says it's because our train was grande vitesse, and the next petite vitesse."

And this is why I fancy there is some strange distinction between the trains of grande vitesse and petite vitesse which start from Vienna.

It was past 8 P.M. when we got to Adelsberg, very dark, very cold, and most drizzlingly wet. There was no carriage, no omnibus, at the station, an not one house to be seen outside.

"Can't go on without the luggage," said A. "How can we enjoy the caves after this?"

"Not a bit," murmured B.

A German man, and a German woman with a bag, had got out of the train with us. They went to the waiting-room, we having been informed that the omnibus would come soon. They spent the intermediate time in taking out of the bag bread, which they ate, and a bottle of wine, from which they drank.

At last the omnibus came. It appeared to our insular gaze to be a broken-down brougham, and great care seemed to have been taken in making it, that it should be extremely heavy and extremely clumsy. In it we started for the hotel—German man, German woman, bag, and all.

"Do you think you could ask that fellow how far we have to go?" said A.

"I'm not quite sure," returned B. "I believe I can, but I must think first."

So B began thinking; but before he had finished and the question had been evolved, we stopped at the hotel.

I wonder what reason there can be for the invariable rule throughout France and Germany that the more desolate, empty, and barn-like an hotel is, the larger is the yard. In the present case, the yard was simply enormous; and the hotel, of course—with the one exception of the landlady's hair, which was a perfect marvel of coils and plaits and frizzes and oil—enormously desolate, empty, and barnlike, gave one the idea of the skeleton of a palace fleshed with the fleshing of a pigsty.

The landlady spoke Italian. A and B confessed their ignorance of that language.

"German."

"Ya, ya," said A, pointing to be. "You speak it, man. Go in. Don't be afraid."

So B essayed to understand a long animated German sentence given forth by the landlady, which, luckily for him, ended, as most German speeches addressed to Englishmen do end, with certain words of English—"Bets? De caves? Eat?"

"She wants to know," said B, unable to repress a smile of pleasure at his command over the German language—"she wants to know whether we wish to sleep here, and if we have come with an intention of seeing the caves. She would also be glad to know if we will have dinner."

"I could have told that," said A. "When did she say we are to see the caves—now, or in the morning?"

"I think now," replied he doubtfully; but we had better not ask too many questions at once."

A smiles grimly, and we go to dinner.

The rain was falling in a feeble half-hearted way when we started in the omnibus for the caves, and the night was pitch dark. We went up hill and down dale for some fifteen minutes, but always over rough broken stones. I had a vague feeling that the road we were going on was the edge of a precipice, but I don't know, even to this day, whether the feeling was correct or not. At last we stopped. The rain was still falling feebly, and it was still very dark. We could see that we had stopped close by a high bank or rock, and dimly perceived an opening into it. The driver got down, and for a minute we were left alone.

The German man here began a quick address to us, and when he had finished, his wife began a second quick address.

They smiled and nodded their heads assuringly, and at last the German man, by a divine inspiration, brought out the words—"All right."

"Ya, ya," cried his wife. "All right, ya, all right;" and she smiled on us.

"What are they saying?" asked A.

"They are telling us," replied B, wildly clutching at the words "all right," "that we must not be frightened, and we shall find everything all—proper at last."

Here, through the outside darkness, we began to see men passing along the face of the rock, carrying lighted candles stuck on to long pieces of wood, the flames throwing strange blotches of light around, bleared by the falling rain; and at last we saw, far away through the opening in the rock, a glimmer of brightness, and then our guide returned and told us to get down. Down we got, walked a half-a-dozen steps, and entered the open in the rock, the entrance to the caves of Adelsberg.

The German man had brought with him the bag, and the German woman a formidable square bottle. Of all the misfortunes of my life that I regret, I must regret the misfortune of not having been able to be for a longer time with those two. I want to know how they would have looked without the bag. I want to know whether they would have starved if deprived of food and drink for sixty minutes. While we were with them they were always eating or drinking. Even in the omnibus the square bottle was uncorked, and they both went at it; and we hadn't been five minutes in the caves before they were cutting up an enormous sausage, and making with buttered bread, enormous sandwiches.

The entrance to the caves is a natural opening in the rock, of height perhaps twenty or thirty feet, of width twenty, and running straight in for two or three hundred yards. Following the guide, we walked on towards the glimmer of light we had seen, and soon came upon six men holding lighted candles, and standing by a wheeled double chair, running on rails laid down in the cave. The German woman seated herself on the chair, candles were given us, lighted, and away we went. We walked some distance, almost a mile, along a large passage. The ground was wet, water standing in pools in many places. The sides and top were wet, water dripping down continually; and the rock, above and below, was brown and shining and oily-looking.

"Sehr habsch," said the German woman, placidly eating her sandwich.

"What did she say?" asked A.

"That it's very pretty," replied B, who was falling each moment into a wilder state of astonishment at his knowledge of the German language. "Sehr," is "very," and "habsch," "pretty."

"Did she mean the cave or the sandwich?" asked A sardonically.

"I can't say," replied B. "She was looking at the sandwich, but she wouldn't call a sandwich pretty, would she?"

"Quite as likely as to call this place pretty, especially when she eats as she does. I shall read Murray, and see what he says."

"By Jove!" cried A, after a minute's perusal of the book, "we're going right into the rock, and we shall come to a place one hundred and sixty feet high directly, a mile from the entrance with a river running through it, and a bridge,—look out!"

"Herr Murray?" said the guide, touching the book, and looking knowingly at A. "All Englishmen bring him. Read him. Very good."

Again there was a glimmer of light ahead, broken pieces of light in the passage, and suddenly sides and top fell back, and we stood in the first cave of Adelsberg.

How shall I describe what we then saw? The wonder is still on me. The German man and the German woman ceased for an instant even from eating, that they might the better look. A stared with big eyes, and freed himself from

his burden of wonder by an emphatic "damn," while B tried vainly to drown his amazement in tears.

We stood at the side of an enormous cavern, one mile from the place we had entered at, hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth. Fifty or sixty candles had been placed about, but the huge cavern was only dimly lighted, and black masses of shadow were left in its corners untouched. Above, the broken rocky roof rose sheer away, till one hundred and sixty feet from the ground; below again a broken rocky floor, and a river running swiftly along, breaking the stillness with its clatter and splash. In front of us the floor rose gradually, till lost in shadow; but it we could see a bridge crossing the river, which there ran far below in the bed it had cut through the rocks. The place was infinitely vast, infinitely solemn; and yet there was a strange mockery in it. The river alone made any sound, flowing on always. Down far below the surface of the earth, far away from men and their homes, it seemed to laugh at us and our powerlessness and ignorance. For ages and ages it had flowed, resistless in its insidious gentleness eating its course through the soft earth and hard rock, now out in the sunlight watching the vain lives of men, and again in the darkness laughing over its experience, glorying in its immunity from mankind's hopes and fears.

"Sehr habsch," said the German woman; and with a sigh she took from the bag two pieces of buttered bread and one piece of sausage, and amalgamated them into a sandwich.

"There she goes again," said A, with a look of disgust. "She must be a confoundedly expensive woman for a wife. I can't stand it, let's try and get away from them."

But try as we would they kept close to us, and for the three hours we were underground we never lost sight of them and their square bottle and sandwiches.

At last, when familiarity had somewhat weakened our spell of wonder, we went on slowly up the broken rocky ground of the cave, wet with the perpetual dripping of water, and crossed the bridge high above the river. Suddenly there was a crash that echoed sharply, and then again only the sound of the river. The guide made a voluble speech to the Germans, and they instantly, hugging the square bottle and bag affectionately, hurried away over the bridge, then turning to us, he said smilingly.

"Rock fall. See, very near. Many fall sometimes. Kill once man. We go other cave. That one much finer."

Over the bridge we went, up the broken rocky ground, till we came to the limit of the huge cave, and found a low narrow exit, down which we could see the German man and his wife cautiously proceeding, their candles throwing strange shadow and lights in the darkness.

"Sehr wonderful, next cave," said the guide, always speaking with an air of pity for our ignorance of German, balanced, however, with an assuring nod that spoke as clearly as Lord Burleigh's, and said. "No matter. You are stupid. Never mind, I can make you understand."

Before again starting I turned back alone to look at the cave we were leaving. Two men we had not before noticed were busily engaged in blowing out the candles, and putting them away carefully in little boxes they held. The shadows had grown blacker, and grew blacker and heavier each moment as the light decreased. I could see nothing above; all was lost in shadow, thick, impenetrable. I could not trace the sides but here and there, where a candle threw a tiny broken circle of light. The river I could hear and trace with my eyes, flowing on like ink, catching now and again a spark of brightness, the shadows grew blacker and heavier, and I turned away with relief and entered the little passage down which the others had gone.

This passage was small and low, and I noticed, as I hurried along, that there was a complete change in the character of the rocks. Above, below, and on all sides, as ever, there was damp moisture, water falling and standing in pools and dripping continually; but the rocks had lost their blackness, and were now white and yellow. Stalactites depended here and there, and now and again a stalagmite stood upright.

When I got up to the others, the German woman was peacefully slumbering on the double chair as she was slowly pushed forward, holding to her bosom the square bottle; and now and then she would murmur dreamily, with her eyes fast shut, "Sehr, habsch," and her husband, trudging by her side with the bag, invariably replied, "Ya, ya; sehr habsch."

"Couldn't you manage to bribe some of these fellows to go forward and take out one of the rails?" said A to B in a whisper. "We must get rid of those two somehow. How the deuce can we get up any sentiment about the place with them near us? Do try, there's a good fellow."

"I'm afraid, really, I don't know enough German for that," replied B in a voice of assumed sadness. "It would require a knowledge, you see, of engineering and—"

"Not a bit, my dear fellow," said A. "Have not the slightest doubt these fellows were in the war, and—"

"New cave, very new," broke in the guide at this moment. "Herr Murray say him best."

Twist went the passage to the left, back again to the right, then the sides and the top fell back, and we stood in the second cave.

If the caves of Adelsberg were developed by pure chance or by certain fixed laws, which comes to much the same thing, this same chance or these fixed laws must be excellently well up in the knowledge of theatrical effect. The first cave was sombre, vast; it overwhelmed you with a vague sense of mystery and age

The second, that we now stood in, lighted simply, as the other, with some fifty candles, glittered from side to side, from top to bottom, in great masses of shining white and yellow and brown, in smaller lights touching sharply here and there of bright red and blue and green; the whole place was light, airy, fantastic. Stalactites of every form and every size and color hung, covering completely, in their myriads, the far-spreading roof; here depending straight to the ground, and joining with an ascending stalagmite into a mighty column; there lacing ten or twenty together, forming the most delicate tracery; again joining and parting and crossing till they made a vast labyrinth of sinuous forms. Stalagmite of every shape and every size and color rose up numberless from the ground, and now approaching, now joining, the stalactites from above, helped to perfect the strangeness and wild fantasy of the place. The cave was enormous in size, but its size was oppressive: shadows sat in places, but they were thinned and terrorless in the airy brightness.

"Like reading *Don Juan* after *Paradise Lost*," said A sententiously. "Let's see what Murray says."

Soon after entering the cave, to our intense relief, the German man and German woman, with their square bottle and sausage sandwiches, left us for a time. It is true they were not out of sight, but to have the square bottle fifty yards away was a great thing. It appears that some barbarously ingenious person or persons have discovered likenesses in the various stalactites and stalagmites to various material objects on the surface of the earth, and the guide, approving, is accustomed to declare these likenesses to all entering the caves.

We had not been in one minute before he began. A thin transparent rib, formed by the dripping moisture, stood out from the side; the light of a candle shone brightly through it, showing most glorious shades of red and blue and green.

"Dese," said the guide, his eyes sparkling with delight—"dese is a comm."

"A what?" asked A.

"A comm," replied our guide with an assuring nod. "O yes, dese is a comm."

"I think," said B, looking doubtfully at the guide—"I think he means it is a comb."

"Ya, ya, dat is so. A comm, ya. And dese." And here he passed on to another place. "And dese."

"A comb!" cried A, with a look of disgust. "I suppose he'll go through all the things. The next will be a brush, of course, and then—Let's go to the other side; I can't stand it."

But the German man and the German woman were in a wild state of delight at this new discovery. They stuck closely to the guide, carried him by force to every strange form they could find, and asked him eagerly, "Was ist das?" Organs, teapots, lions, monkeys, waterfalls, and elephants they found in vast numbers, and at last we rejoined them, staring in fixed admiration at a strange lump of stalagmite.

"Dese," said the guide to us, with a smile of pity for our bad taste in not having accompanied him the whole way—"Dese is a leg of bacon."

"Ya, ya," said the German and his wife, adly, guessing instinctively what had been said; "es ist, es ist;" and they gazed on it in fond regret, as a starving gourmand in the desert would stare on a petrified sweetbread, if he chanced to find one.

This miserable delight in discovering in indefinite forms of beauty definite likenesses to material objects of ordinary life is, I fear, common to nearly all people of all nations. At this present time I can think of only two individuals who are free from it—myself and you, most loved reader. How often have we been looking at some glorious sunset, and been suddenly roused from placid contemplation by the discovery of a friend that "that cloud by the sun, the red one, you know, tinged with gold, looks just like a lobster, doesn't it?" at a glorious open English fire, and been saddened by the ingenuity of a friend who peoples it with arms and legs and faces and crocodiles? How often have we sat in ecstasy listening to Beethoven and Mozart, and been suddenly tumbled back into commonplace life by a whispered communication that "The dark Girl dressed in Blue begins just like this, old man?" Let us, most loved reader, drink confusion to this confounded definiteness. What must become of poetry and sentiment if the world goes on much longer in its present course? Even now, how can one write to one's mistress, and compare her to the rising sun or full moon, when the sun or moon are no longer unknown mysterious sources of light, life, and madness, but mere lumps of matter, whose compositions we know as well as that of our own Odger-Salisbury-inhabited planet?

"By Jove, listen to this, B," cried A, his eyes fixed on Murray. "It says that 'the extreme antiquity of these enormous caverns may be, in some slight degree, imagined from the results of an empirical experiment which determined conclusively that the water—containing lime and other ingredients in solution—formed no perceptible deposit in thirty years, while one vast column in the second of these caves is sixty feet in height, forty in circumference.' By Jove, where is the column? That must be it; let's measure."

So A, with his stick, measured the column, and found it the size Murray had said.

"It must have taken," said A, looking in thoughtful wonder at the column, "a thousand years, at least, to grow that size."

"I should have fancied, myself," murmured

B doubtfully, "it would have taken longer than that."

"It must have taken," said A, after a pause, during which he and B continued to stare at the column, "a million years, at least, to grow that size."

"I should have fancied, myself, it would have taken longer than that," said B, less doubtfully.

"By Jove," said A, after a longer pause, and in sheer desperation, "no fellow can tell how long it must have taken—billions and billions of years. I wonder whether Murray believes in the Old Testament."

We stood looking, I know not how long, at this timeless form. At last B broke out wildly.

"I must get away, A, right away; I can't stand it. Fancy this place being all quiet for I don't know how long; and this thing growing about the size of a sugar-plum bigger every thirty years, and now being so big! It's awful; I can't stand it."

"I should like," said A sententiously, as we walked away, "to know whether Murray believes in the Old Testament."

Often before I saw that cave I have dreamt at night that I have fallen from my bed, and started a wild descent through eternal space. The feeling was awful; eternity oppressed me. But standing before that pillar, trying to realise its immense age, the oppression of feeling was far worse.

"Shan't look at that again," said A. "Horrid feeling, thinking of it. Seems as if all the laws of gravity were wrong, and there was no top or bottom or side to anything."

It is strange, in the face of the mathematical fact of infinity of space, how very seldom we are troubled by the idea how completely our reason is bound by the convention of a limit. Out in the sunlight, where spring, summer, autumn, and winter follow in regular course; where the wind blows to-day, and is still to-morrow; where trees and flowers bloom and fade and men are born and die,—everything to unreflecting observation suggests limit. But at night, in darkness, it seems strange that we are not more often oppressed by the awfulness of infinity. Be this as it may, I swear—ay, far greater test of belief, will bet 100l.—that no one, not even King George IV. of England or Lord Chesterfield—who, I take it, are about the two greatest snobs this earth has ever been burdened with, and therefore least likely to be impressed by wonder—could have stood unnerfed before that column in the second of the caves of Adelsberg. For ages and ages and ages, no light, no sound; perfect stillness; not even, for that countless time, even the ripple of an earthquake. For ages and ages and ages, one tiny drop of water always falling and falling and falling down to the ground below, always from one point above. For ages and ages and ages, each little space of thirty years seeing a tiny rise in the ground beneath from the constant fall of the one drop of water. And now—after how mighty a lapse of time—a column of sixty feet in height, and forty feet in circumference.

After the discovery of the leg of bacon, the curiosity of the German man and woman began to abate; and the guide himself, I fancy, got somewhat tired of answering their numerous questions, for he commenced to trade wildly on their belief—the next thing they referred to being, he declared, a giraffe; and the next, he affirmed with a perfectly calm face, to be a ghost. The suspicions of the Germans, that he was not strictly telling the truth, seemed to be aroused by this, for they asked him no more questions; but after another look of admiration at the leg of bacon, came with us out of the cave.

"How many more are there?" said A, as we entered another passage, now low and narrow, now high and wide, but always clothed with white shining stalactites and stalagmites.

"More? Many more. Very. Come big cave where people dance. Other cave, where concert-room. Come other waterfall," replied the guide, smiling and nodding his head.

In all, we were three full hours wandering in these caverns. At some point—where, I now forget—the rail laid down ended, and the German woman had to leave her chair and walk. She fell in most cheerfully with the necessity, and taking her husband's arm, stumbled along sleepily, with fast-closed eyes, and trusting implicitly to his guidance. Now and again he would murmur, "Sehr hubsch;" and she, trying hard, but unsuccessfully, to open her eyes, would dutifully echo, "Sehr hubsch." It was at the farthest point we reached that they mournfully ate the last of the sausage, and emptied the square bottle; and then the German, after an address to the guide, placed the said bottle in the very extremity of the cave, and carefully pressed down into it the cork. The guide smiled, and pointing at the German, turned to us and said,

"He very funny man. He make feon for all who come here. Dey tink dese spirits, but dere is none. Eh?" And he and the German went into a roar of laughter, which the echoes took up and broke hideously.

"Horrible," said A, turning away. "Can't be content with eating sandwiches? Ought to be kicked for making such a vile pun."

How many caverns we saw, I know not. There was the dance-room, as our guide called it—a huge place with a smooth floor of sand, and long wooden benches here and there. Then there was the concert-room, so called from a strange mass of long stalactites and stalagmites at one end that looked curiously like an organ. There was the waterfall, formed by the moisture falling over a smooth rock—"though some

tinks it more like umbrella?" said the guide interrogatively.

At last, tired out with our underground wanderings, and sleepy with such unwonted exercise of our sense of wonder, we turned back. The German woman managed to open her eyes when we got back to the rail and chair, and she and her husband seated themselves thereon, and fell into a deep sleep. Steadily we trudged on through the long winding passages, now low and narrow, now wide and high, but always damp with the constant drip, drip of water. At last, all the caves were passed, and we stood in that we had first seen. It was quite dark now; only the candles we held threw a little halo of light round us, and made the darkness visible. I stood for a moment listening to the river, as it flowed on with clatter and splash over the broken rocks of its bed then I turned down the last passage away from the caves of Adelsberg.

"Wouldn't have missed seeing that for anything!" said A, as we came out into the misty raining night.

"It was quite worth," cried B enthusiastically, "losing one's luggage for!"

"By Jove!" returned A. "Forgot all about the luggage. We must see about it."

THE SACRIFICE.

Looking into the future, which seems only a dull blank, and into the past, so full of anxiety, pain and grief, I ask myself if my life has really been a wasted one; if, in spite of prayer and an earnest endeavor to follow the right path, I have strayed into the wrong one, merely because it was narrow and dark.

I am in a despondent mood to-night, and the sunlight to-morrow may warm and cheer my sore heart.

Fannie hurt me when she called me an old maid to-night; true enough it is, for I am thirty-two to-day—but—tears? I thought they were dried up long ago.

I was eighteen years old when I was betrothed to Karl Schaumner, a young German in my father's employ, confidential clerk, and next to our own Max in his heart.

We are of German origin, on our father's side, though Max and I are English by birth, and had a darling little English mother, who died many years ago.

Father and Max remember her better than I do, for I was only a little girl when she died, while Max was ten years old.

Father was very glad when Karl asked me to be his wife, and gave us a betrothal feast, to which our German friends were all bidden.

I was very happy. To me Karl was, and is, the true-hearted, loyal lover, who won my heart before I knew I had one.

In his young, strong frame, his kindly blue eyes, and crisp, golden curls, I could paint all of a hero I needed for a husband, and that Karl loved me I was as certain as I was that my heart beat for him only.

We were two weeks betrothed, when a fire broke out in my father's warehouse, and in the effort to save something of the property my dear father was killed, and Max crippled for life.

Crippled for life. It was a long time before we realized the full weight of that misery.

He was only twenty-five, so strong and full of vigor, that we thought the dreary burden of pain would pass away and he would be again able to move as before.

He had lost no limb, but had lain under a fallen beam for hours before he was rescued, and the spine was permanently and incurably injured.

We had been told that sufficient was left of our father's property to give us a support, with close economy, and we had moved from our own home to a quiet country town, in order to live cheaply, when the doctor broke the heavy news to us.

He had driven over from the city, as he often did, and found Max lying as usual upon his low couch, where Karl and I lifted him each morning.

It was a close June day, and Max had had a restless night, so he was not so cheerful as usual.

"Doctor," he said, after the usual questions were all answered, "when shall I walk again? It is three months since I was hurt. Shall I walk soon?"

The doctor's find face saddened, and he looked at me.

"Loretta," he said gently, "come close to Max, my dear. You love each other very dearly, children?"

"Love each other," cried my brother. "Loretta is my very life. You do not know half her devoted care for me, doctor."

"Does she make the time fly?" he asked, treading on the edge of his terrible task of communicating the truth.

"She does all that can be done. She reads to me, talks to me. She even"—and Max looked slyly at me—"she even neglects her wonderful Karl for me."

"Good little girl," said the doctor.

"But you do not answer my question," cried Max; "when shall I walk?"

"Max, my boy," said the doctor, "I have known you from a baby, always manly, strong and brave. A good son, a kind brother, and an honorable man in every sense of the word. You have borne sorrow well, pain bravely; now can you bear a heavier sorrow, a greater pain than all?"

"An operation?" said Max with white lips, but steady eyes.

"Alas! my boy, no operation can avail you." "You do not mean I must lie here, helpless and useless, all my life," cried Max with a wall in his voice, that it was agony even to hear.

"Even so. God help you to bear it!"

"Go away! Let me alone!" said my brother, turning his face from us; and the doctor led me from the room.

"Loretta," he said, gently, "you must help Max now, as you have never helped anyone in your life. Do not sob and shake so. You are to be the brave, true woman I have faith in for your brother's companion and comfort. I am afraid, he will, in his first despair, try to take his own life."

"Watch him carefully, Loretta. Let him be alone for a little while now, and then go in to him. I will see you again to-morrow."

It was well I was ordered to leave Max for a time alone, for I was in no condition then to sustain or comfort him.

The grief I felt far exceeded that I had experienced when the coffin lid hid my father's face for ever from my sight.

My young, noble brother stricken down in the first pride of manhood, seemed too terrible to realize.

It was no selfish grief I struggled to conceal in that bitter hour.

Not once did my own position cross my mind; my sorrow was all for Max.

It was a long time before I could control my sobs and tears, but I grew quiet at last, and entered again the bright little room that was his prison.

He was lying very still, his eyes closed, his lips white, and his hand folded over his breast. So still I almost feared the shock had killed him.

Very softly I went to his bedside, and bent to kiss his lips.

He opened his arms and drew me to him, while in a low, solemn voice he said—

"God's will be done."

I knew then, I knew every hour later, that there was no fear my noble brother would seek the suicide's cowardly escape from pain.

As the days wore on, something of his old cheerfulness returned, and jests would come to his lips, while his bright smile and hearty laugh were always ready to answer any effort I made to cheer him.

We, Max and I, learned leather work and wax flower making, and added materially to our income by the sale of our work.

We had become almost reconciled to our sorrow when another trial came.

I have said but little of Karl; it is so hard to touch upon that wound that will never heal; but I must now.

From the time of my father's death, Karl had been out of employment.

It was our gain in many ways, for he was as devoted to Max as if he were already his brother; but his savings were fast diminishing in his hours of idleness.

I had not realized this until an offer came for him to accompany my father's old partner to Germany, where he was going to establish the same business in his own country.

Knowing Karl well, and realising his value, he made him offers that it would have been actual insanity to refuse and Karl came to remind me of my betrothal vows and ask me to accompany him to Germany.

And I loved him.

I loved him better than my life—loved him, and bade him go to seek a fairer, truer bride in his own fatherland.

I cannot dwell upon that parting.

He went, and with the mutual agreement that, as the separation must be life-long, it was better it should be final, and not tortured by letters or tidings.

He kissed me and blessed me, and left me—fourteen years ago.

Ah, me!

Long before this he has found his true wife and is happy.

I hope he is happy.

The neighbors were all very kind, and there were none more attentive than our clergyman, the Rev. Erasmus Stiles, and his daughter Fannie.

Fannie is small and light, dark and brilliant in beauty, full of vivacity, witty, rather brusque in manner, and saucy as a kitten.

Fancy such a sunbeam in our sick room.

She came and went at pleasure, flashing in and out, bringing flowers, smiles, and pleasure in every visit, and wakening to life the merriest laugh Max ever possessed.

She would bring a guitar and sing bright songs—would put her nimble little fingers upon our wax work and produce the most grotesque figures—would improvise parodies upon our poetical readings, and yet would be really helpful if we were busy, or Max was suffering too much for gaiety.

The winter passed away, not too sadly.

Max accepted my sacrifice humbly and gratefully, acknowledging he needed me, and trying by every loving art to prove to me his appreciation of my love.

He missed Karl sorely, but never spoke of him.

And his name passed out of our lives, though his image can never leave my heart.

I was in our little sitting-room, packing some wax flowers, when Fannie came dancing in with the first spring violets.

Max was lying in his own room, opening from the one where I was busy, and he called out eagerly for a sight of the blue-eyed treasures.

Nodding gaily to me, Fannie ran in, and I resumed my work.

The murmur of their voices came to me as I twisted the dainty flowers into sprays and packed them away in their soft cotton beds.

I heard them as they spoke, and slowly the truth came to us all—came to flood the room beyond with happiness, to chill and numb me, till my work fell from my fingers, and I crept away to moan out my misery alone.

They loved each other.

She offered him her bright young life in return for his love, and I stood alone.

I loved him so much.

All else was gone from me.

For him I had given up my own hope of being a beloved wife, and it was all in vain—all wasted.

They had forgotten me in their happiness, and Karl was across the ocean.

Oh, it was selfish to grieve, but my heart seemed breaking in that hour of struggle!

They were married when the June roses bloomed, and then we learned that Fannie was rich.

They have been very happy.

Money has procured for Max many alleviations of his crippled condition.

Strong servants lift him into the low carriage for drives, his wheeled chair is in the garden on all pleasant days, and the best medical skill has often eased his pain.

Crippled for life, he can never regain the use of his limbs, but with Fannie for a gaoler, his prison is a paradise.

And I am the old maid sister.

In a quiet way, I lead, I hope, a not useless life, but my way is a lonely one.

Max and Fannie love me, but their life would be as complete and perfect, if the roses were blossoming over my grave.

So I sum up to record of my life—a wasted sacrifice.

One day later.

Did I write the record of my life not twenty-four hours ago?

Is this the same Loretta who dropped tears over her past only yesterday?

Despondent, repining, unchristian.

I do not deserve my great happiness.

I have stolen away to say one little prayer of humble thanksgiving, and as I sit here, I can hear floating through the open windows the voices of Max, Fannie, and Karl.

He has come back for me.

He is a rich man now, and has a home for me in Germany.

And he loves me truly yet.

He, who might win the youngest, fairest bride in the Fatherland, has crossed the ocean to see if I were still free.

Karl, Karl I am coming—nothing can separate us now; I am coming, if my heart does not break for joy!

Note written in a different hand—

We found Loretta on the evening of Karl's return sitting at her desk, her hands clasped, her face uplifted, with a smile upon the lips that never spoke an unkind word, quite dead.

WHO KISSED THE ADMIRAL?—The Washington *Capital* has the following account of a fresh mystery: "Quite a startling event occurred to one of our gallant naval officers who has sailed the salty seas, carrying our banner in the days when the stars and stripes floated in honored recognition on every ocean. The gay old Rear Admiral P. of I street was calling on New Year's Day, and as the shades of night came on he found himself descending the steps of a house where the bevy of beauty made the old Admiral dizzy. He was feeling his way down, and had just gained the bottom step, when suddenly a pair of female arms were thrown about his marine neck and two soft lips imprinted a kiss upon his seafaring mouth that sounded like the explosion of a Dahlgren. The astounded Admiral was so dumfounded by the salute that he went down to use a nautical phrase, on his beam ends. He hinged on his centre and seated himself somewhat violently on the bottom step. Here, before he could recover his breath or understanding, the violence upon him was repeated, and a sweet voice said: 'There, take that for a parting!' And then voice, kisses, female arms and all disappeared into the night. The Rear Admiral P. ascended the steps, re-entered the mansion, and resolved himself into a naval board of enquiry. He stated his case and put the question, 'Who kissed the Admiral?' There was some musical laughter and a roguish twinkle in bright eyes, but no satisfactory answer or explanation was elicited. From that out until midnight the gallant Admiral went among his friends wanting to know who kissed him, but in vain. And to this hour it is involved in mystery. When the question of who kissed the Admiral is answered, we have one other, and that is—Why in the name of old Scratch did she kiss him?"

A CHAIN OF DESTRUCTION.—According to the following statement the negroes of Alabama handle the pistol and the axe quite as adroitly as the shovel and the hoe. Two of them got into a dispute and one shot the other. A brother of the slain ran up with an axe and split open the head of the man who had fired the fatal shot. A friend of dead man number two killed murderer number two with an axe, and a fifth negro soon laid the last axe-man low with the same deadly weapon. Before the fourth negro was cold another axe laid number five dead on the heap. The surviving murderer then took to his heels, and was at large at last accounts.

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THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING
COMPANY; Montreal; Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All remittances and business communica-
tions to be addressed to,
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DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

All correspondence for the Papers, and liter-
ary contributions to be addressed to,
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When an answer is required, stamps for re-
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THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEB. 28, 1874.

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The following contributions are respectfully
declined: "Canada First;" "To L. B.;" "The
Tempest;" "The Partridge;" "By no Means
Flattering."

KNOWLEDGE.

The desire to investigate—to comprehend
what is within the limits of comprehension, and
sometimes that which is beyond it—is a part of
our very nature. Not confined to books alone,
the mind explores other domains for the wealth
it craves. For books, although they enrich the
understanding, do not contain the entire realm
of knowledge. Practically, they are but aids in
its acquisition—for the empire of knowledge
contains many provinces; and although we
may be masters of one or two, or several of
them, we are yet very far from having gained
the empire itself. The man of letters, if he
understand these only, has gained but one of
those provinces, although he may flatter him-
self that he has acquired all that realm the en-
tire possession of which none have ever acquired,
and never could have acquired, even if centuries
had been added to their years; and he who
believes that the schools contain the entire pro-
vince of learning—that he can acquire within
their precincts all that is worth acquiring—is
lamentably mistaken.

The investigating spirit of a Newton you could
have hardly confined to school, or even to books.
Descending into the mighty depths of research,
he returned, rich in gems gathered from her
golden mines.

Although the desire for knowledge is inhe-
rent, yet, to many, its acquisition seems so
difficult, that they content themselves with the
desire. Mount Parnassus looks very beautiful
to them—they sigh for a seat upon its summit;
but the ascent is so steep and rugged, that they
give up the attempt—do not even make it.
Others, with more energy of purpose, commence
the ascent; but toiling up the rugged way, they
are easily discouraged; perplexed by the diffi-
culties that loom up before them, they sink
down, weary and disheartened. With what pity
would the spirit of a Franklin—

"Who soared untrodden heights,
And seemed at home
Where angels bashful stood"

look down upon them? What a rebuke to the
flagging spirit is the story of his patient endeav-
or and unwearied energy! And how should it
thrill with new aspirations at the name of
Locke, to whom schools and colleges were but
passports to hidden depths and unknown realms
of thought; at that of Herschel, whose creative

imagination soaring to the starry heavens,
marked the constellations revolving in their
orbits, and won a place beside them; at that of
Bacon, "sweet interpreter of the House beau-
tiful of God, faithful guide amid the delectable
mountains of Nature!" Gazing upon the sub-
lime heights they trod, the eye, unaccustomed to
the sunlight of genius like theirs, is dazzled.
They have passed away; but the record of their
lives, engraven upon the scroll of Fame, will live
to the end of time.

We may not acquire the wealth of learning
that they did. Were the years of Methuselah
ours, we could doubtless accomplish but little in
comparison with what these intellectual giants
wrought. But if with our limited capacities, we
were able to follow in the paths they trod,
our steps, weak and timid at first, would grow
stronger and firmer, and the intellect, so dimi-
nutive apparently in the beginning, would gain
colossal proportions. For knowledge brings
its own rewards; expanding the intellect,
it rescues it from the degradation to which
ignorance would lower it, enlarges the under-
standing, and elevates the mind to the stature
of a "God-like intelligence."

Studying the marvellous works of the great
Architect, what infinite sources of knowledge
shall we find; examining the gems which His
bountiful hand has strewn around us, how will
the heart swell with emotion at some new
evidence of His wondrous skill and beneficence!
Led by the hand of patient investigation through
the great world of nature, what stores of know-
ledge shall we gather! Who would not spend a
lifetime in the acquisition of knowledge like
this!

But let us remember, as we enrich our mind
with a knowledge of the outer world, that the
greatest and best of all knowledge is the know-
ledge of ourselves, and of the Great Author of
our being. Said the wisest of men, "Happy is
the man that findeth wisdom, and getteth
understanding, for they are better than gold or
silver—more precious than rubies." Creation,
with her multitudinous works, will pass away;
but the mind,

"Immortal as its sire,"

will live for ever. Rich in the wealth of un-
counted years, how will it grow in that know-
ledge which passeth all understanding, as the
never-ending years of Eternity roll on!

SOMETHING ABOUT ALCOHOL.

What is wine? Chemists tell us they do not
know. Three-fifths of a glass of wine is water.
One-fifth is alcohol. Of the remaining fifth,
about one-half is sugar. One-tenth of the whole
quantity remains to be accounted for. A small
part of that tenth is the acid which makes vine-
gar sour. Water, alcohol, sugar, acid—these
make nearly the whole body of the wine; but
if we mix these things in proportions in which
they are found in Madeira, the liquid is a dis-
tasteful mess, nothing like Madeira. The great
chemists confess that they do not know what
that last fraction of the glass of wine is, upon
which its flavor, its odor, its value, its fascina-
tion depend. They do not know what is that
makes the difference between port and sherry,
but are obliged to content themselves with
giving it a hard name. Similar things are ad-
mitted concerning the various kinds of spirit-
uous and malt liquors. Chemistry acknow-
ledges that wine, beer, brandy, whiskey, and
rum, are alcohol and water, mixed in different
proportions, and with some slight differences of
flavoring and coloring matter. In all these
drinks alcohol is power, the other ingredients
being more dilution and flavoring. Wine, we
are told, is alcohol and water flavored with
grapes, beer is alcohol and water flavored with
malt and hops; whiskey is alcohol and water
flavored with corn.

What does a glass of wine do to us when we
have swallowed it? We should naturally look to
physicians for an answer to such a question; but
the great lights of the profession—men of the
rank of Astley Cooper, Brodie, Abernethy,
Holmes—all assure the public that no man of
them knows, and no man has ever known, how
medicinal substances work in the system, and
why they produce the effects they do. Even of
a substance so common as Peruvian bark, no
one knows why and how it acts as a tonic; nor
is there any certainty of its being a benefit to
mankind. There is no science of medicine. The
"Red Lane" of the children leads to a region
which is still mysterious and unknown; for
when the eye can explore its recesses, a change
has occurred in it, which is also mysterious and
unknown; it is dead. We can tell the reader in
a few words the substance of what has been
ascertained, and plausibly inferred, concerning
effects of wine, beer, and spirits upon the hu-
man constitution. They cannot be nourish-
ment, in the ordinary acceptance of that word,
because the quantity of nutritive matter in them
is so small. Liebig, no enemy of beer, says this:
—"We can prove, with mathematical certainty
that as much flour or meal as can lie on the
point of a table-knife, is more nutritious than
nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer; that a
man who is able daily to consume that amount
of beer, obtains from it in a whole year, in the
most favorable case, exactly the amount of nu-
tritive constituents which is contained in a five-
pound loaf of bread, or in three pounds of flesh."
So of wine; when we have taken from a glass of
wine the ingredients known to be innutritious,
there is scarcely anything left but a grain or
two of sugar. Pure alcohol, though a product of
very highly nutritive substances, is a mere

poison, an absolute poison, the mortal foe of
life in every one of its forms, animal and
vegetable. If, therefore, these beverages do us
good, it is not by supplying the body with nour-
ishment.

Nor can they aid digestion by assisting to de-
compose food. When we have taken too much
salmon for dinner, we find that a glass of brandy
mitigates the horrors of indigestion, and enables
us again to contemplate the future without dis-
may. But if we catch a curious fish or reptile,
and want to keep him from decomposing, and
bring him home as a contribution to some mu-
seum, we put him in a bottle of spirits. Sev-
eral experiments have been made, with a view
to ascertain whether mixing alcohol with the
gastric juice increases or lessens its power to
decompose food; and the results of all of them
point to the conclusion that the alcohol retards
the process of decomposition. A little alcohol
retards it a little, and much alcohol retards it
much. It has been proved by repeated exper-
iment, that any portion of alcohol, however
small, diminishes the power of the gastric juice
to decompose. The digestive fluid has been
mixed with wine, beer, whisky, brandy, and al-
cohol diluted with water, and kept at the tem-
perature of the living body, and the motions of
the body imitated during the experiment; but,
in every instance, the pure gastric juice was
found to be the true and sole digester, and the
alcohol a retarder of digestion. This fact, how-
ever, required little proof. We are all familiar
with alcohol as a preserver, and scarcely
need to be reminded that, if alcohol assist diges-
tion at all, it cannot be by assisting decomposi-
tion.

Nor is it a heat-producing fluid. On the con-
trary, it appears in all cases to diminish
the efficiency of the heat-producing process.
All the Arctic voyagers attest it. Brandy is de-
struction when men have to face a temperature
of 60° below zero; they want lamp oil then, and
the rich blubber of the whale and walrus. Dr.
Rae, who made two or three pedestrian tours
of the Polar regions, and whose powers of en-
durance were put to as severe a test as man's
ever were, is clear and emphatic upon this
point. Brandy, he says, stimulates but for a
few minutes, and greatly lessens a man's power
to endure cold and fatigue. A traveller relates
that, when Russian troops are about to start
upon a march in a very old region, no grog is
allowed to be served to them; and when the
men are drawn up, ready to move, the corporals
smell the breath of every man, and send back
to quarters all who have been drinking. The
reason is, that men who start under the influ-
ence of liquor are the first to succumb to the
cold, and the likeliest to be frost-bitten. It is
the uniform experience of the hunters and trap-
pers in the northern provinces of this continent
and of the Rocky Mountains, that alcohol dimi-
nishes their power to resist cold.

ASSOCIATION BETWEEN THE SEXES.

What makes those men, who associate habi-
tually with women, superior to others? What
makes that woman, who is accustomed to, and
at ease in the company of men, superior to her
sex in general? Solely because she is in the
habit of a free, graceful, and continual conver-
sation with the other sex. Women in this way
lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their
delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their
beauty and captivation, in the spirit of intellec-
tual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic,
rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin
of the understanding and the heart is inter-
changed continually. Their asperities are rub-
bed off; their better materials polished and
brightened; and their richness, like fine gold,
is wrought into finer workmanship by the
fingers of women, than it ever could be by those
of men. The iron and steel of our character are
laid aside, like the harshness of a warrior in the
time of peace and security.

A Kansas paper gives the following report of
a Judge's sentence lately passed on a criminal:
"Brumley, you're an infamous scoundrel!
You're an unredeemed villain! You hain't got
a single redeeming trait in your character. Your
wife and family wish we had sent you to peni-
tentiary. This is the fifth time I have had you
before me, and you have put me to more trouble
than your neck is worth. I have exhorted
and prayed over you long enough, you scound-
rel! Just go home and take one glimpse of
your family, and be off in short order. Don't
let's ever hear of you again." The Grand Jury
has found two other indictments against you,
but I'll discharge you on your own recogniz-
ances, and if I catch you in this neck of woods
to-morrow morning at daylight, I'll sock you
right off to Jeffersonville in no time, you scound-
rel! If ever I catch you crossing your finger
at man, woman, or child—white man or colored
—I'll sock you right square into the jug. Stand
up, you scoundrel, while I pass sentence upon
you."

A very charming daughter of one of the
"solid men of Boston," being at a ball a few
evenings since, was solicited by a combination
of mustache, starch, and broadcloth for the
honor of her hand in a dance, to which solici-
tation she returned an affirmative answer. In a
subsequent conversation the aforesaid combina-
tion inquired her father's business. "He is a
woodsawyer," she replied. The fellow sloped,
feeling that he had let himself down a foot or
two by the association. The lady's father was
a wealthy dealer in mahogany, which occasion-
ally has to be sawed.

NEWS NOTES.

THE report of the death of General Dorregary
proves to be false.

SANTIAGO advices say a division of the Cuban
Army is to move on to that place.

THE Senate Naval Committee recommends
the abolition of the grade of Commodore.

It is rumored that Mr. Gladstone will advise
the Queen to elevate Mr. Chichester Fortescue
to a peerage.

A DEPUTY from Alsace moved that a plebis-
cite be taken in Alsace and Lorraine on the
question of nationality.

SEÑOR Castelar in the event of a plebiscite
will support Marshal Serrano's candidature for
President of the Republic.

THE Russian envoy at Vienna and the Aus-
trian Envoy at St. Petersburg have been raised
to the rank of Ambassador.

SEVERO Mora, Chief Surgeon of the army and
President of the Republican Club, was sent to
Spain by order of the Captain-General.

A ROME despatch says the Pope will hold
another Consistory in June next, when eight
more Cardinals will be created, including Arch-
bishop Manning.

THE Czar is indisposed. In the meantime the
Emperor of Austria is entertained with brilliant
fetes and by the Grand Dukes and other mem-
bers of the Imperial Family.

THE House Military Committee will report in
favor of curtailing the army establishment, so
that \$4,000,000 annually can be saved, but the
House probably will vote against such a move-
ment.

THE south-eastern portion of Europe has
been visited by very heavy gales, which did
much damage. Telegraph wires were prostrat-
ed, and numerous disasters to shipping on the
Black Sea are reported.

MR. LAYARD, the British Minister, had a long
conference with Senor Segasta, Minister of Fo-
reign Affairs. The subject of the interview is
supposed to be the case of a British vessel de-
tained in a Spanish port.

THE Pall Mall Gazette publishes a report that
the British forces took possession of Coomassie,
the capital of Ashantee, on the 29th January,
and would commence their march back to the
coast on the 2nd of February.

THE President has ordered that the Court of
Enquiry in the case of Gen Howard be composed
of Generals Sherman, McDowell, Pope, Meigs
and Holt, Major A. B. Gardener, judge advocate.
The Court will meet in Washington on 3rd
March next.

THE new English Ministry will probably be
composed as follows: Disraeli, First Lord of the
Treasury; Lord Cairns, Lord High Chancellor;
Duke of Buckingham, President of the Council;
Duke of Richmond, War Secretary; Earl of
Northumberland, First Lord of the Admiralty;
Ward Hunt or Mr. Hubbard, Chancellor of the
Exchequer; Gathorne Hardy, Home Secretary.

THE House Committee on reform in the civil
service, will soon report a bill regulating the
appointments, which will supersede the present
civil service system in the departments at
Washington. It will affect only future appoint-
ments, and gives to Congressmen the appoint-
ment on the same principle which governs the
appointments of cadets.

A GRAND dinner was given by the Czar to
His Imperial and Royal visitors. In his speech
he said the Emperor of Germany, the Queen of
England, the Emperor of Austria, and himself
would preserve the peace of the world. The
Prince of Wales, as the representative of the
Queen, bowed his thanks, and the Emperor
Francis Joseph responded, reiterating the senti-
ments of the Czar.

A HAVANA letter announces the death of the
Cuban General Francisco Maneco. The Cubans
have obtained a complete possession of Bayamo.
On the 24th u.t., they surprised a small Spanish
reconnoitering expedition from Gibala, and killed
all but thirteen who escaped. The Spanish
Brigadier Nascones, at the head of a column of
twelve hundred men, is reported to have been
attacked while recently crossing the river Canto
by a force of Cubans under Garcia, losing six
hundred men and himself killed.

In the Reichstag General Von Moltke, in the
course of a speech in support of the new milita-
ry bill, said: What we acquired in six months
we shall have to protect by the force of arms
for half a century to come. France, notwith-
standing the majority of her people are convin-
ced of the necessity of peace, is imitating our
army organizations. He concluded: "We have
become powerful, but remain peaceful; we re-
quire an army for defence, not conquest." The
bill was referred to a Committee.

A RECEPTION was given on the 15th in the
large hall of the Cooper Institute to the Polaris
survivors. Chief Justice Daly presided. Mr.
Grinnell and Dr. Hayes were on the platform,
as were also Captains Buddington and Tyson.
Mr. Chester, Mr. Bryan, the Esquimaux Joe
and Houna, Capt. White of the Tigress, Dr.
Hayes, Captains Buddington and Tyson, Bryan,
the astronomer of the expedition, and others
addressed the audience, which in numbers
equalled the crowds assembled at the political
meetings last Fall, and was half ladies. A resolu-
tion was adopted recommending Congress to
grant the survivors additional compensation be-
sides their pay.

ONLY A YEAR AGO.

BY WILL HENRY GANE.

Only a year ago!

So short, and yet so long!

Its memory soft as the summer wind,

Or a wave of the angel's song.

Only a year ago!

And yet what changes have been!

How many stars have been lost to view,

And, oh! how many seen?

A head of golden hair—

An eye supremely blue—

A good, and noble, and brave heart,

And Christianlike and true;

That was a year ago!

To-day,—ashes and dust!

It tells how much the heart will bear—

How much it can and must.

And thus we might be hanging

Sweet pictures in memory's hall;

And let a flood of sunbeams

Over our idols fall—

Just as we did a year ago!

Where are they all to-day?

Ask of the wave, as it thunders by,

What it did with yesterday's spray.

MY UNCLE IN MANCHESTER.

In the *Belgravia Annual* for 1872, I told the reader of my first unfortunate start in life, and what a mess I made of my first commission. You don't remember me? Aæth is my name, pronounced Yacht, if you please. If you don't care to look back to that story, you need only take for granted that my outset was unfortunate, and resulted in my being thrown once more upon the world. But something becomes of people, under the most unfavorable circumstances even; necessarily, also, something eventually became of me. A family council was held to consider what should be done with me. It was attended by all my uncles and aunts except one, that one being uncle John, who lived in Manchester; and of course it was unanimously agreed, that he, the absent one, was the very and only man who was able to do anything for me. He had written a letter, indeed, saying that if his nephew was a smart active youth, who was willing to turn his hand to anything, and make himself generally useful, there was no harm in his knocking about in his warehouse, but that it was no use sending any kid-gloved young chaps up there.

"Arthur never *does* wear kid gloves," said my sister; "always doeskins, don't you, dear boy?"

"O, if that's all," I said, "I'll wear white berlin, if it will please the old fellow. I don't think that need stand in the way."

The end of it was, that I went off to Manchester, by parliamentary train too, in an access of economy, which stopped at all the stations, and took the whole day on the journey. It wasn't bad at all, the first part of the way. Plenty of smoking, and drinking out of square bottles, and chaff, among fat farmers and their wives, and nice plump young women, and jolly rustic sort of people. But when we came near Manchester, and to a place called Stockport, and trundled across a viaduct right over the top of all the tallest factory chimneys, and looked down into a great chasm filled with smoke,—in fact, if you can imagine the crater of Vesuvius lined with eight-storied buildings, and all the smoke from the subterranean fires coming out of long pipes stuck on the top of these buildings, you'll have a very good idea of Stockport, as seen from the railway bridge,—well, when we'd rolled over this viaduct, as I say, we seemed to have tapped quite a fresh barrel of humanity. Crowds of people trooped into the carriages—there had been a great dog race in the neighborhood, and I heard a good deal of the triumphs of one Fan, a bitch—who seemed of altogether a different race from the population I'd left behind. They were not, however, without characteristics homogeneous to the rest of their countrymen. They swore a good deal, outraged decency in their language, were very much tipsy for the most part; they seemed, too, to value dogs more for their powers of speed than other qualities; but they differed specifically in their feet. They divided the hoof; wore clogs with two iron bound ridges in lieu of soles, which ground your toes most cruelly if you had the misfortune to get in the way of them. I don't know that they were much rougher than south-country roughs; but they had far more verve and vigor and originality about them, and seemed to form more the staple of the population.

My heart sank a good deal as we fairly got under the pall of smoke that hovered over the whole country, and I felt as if I were leaving hope and daylight behind me; but when we'd fairly landed in Manchester, I didn't find things so bad. I'd been put up to a few wrinkles about Manchester by young Snugbotham, who ground with me for the army, and I knew from him that the Queen's Hotel was the best place to go to, and very comfortable I was there.

I had thought that perhaps uncle John would have sent to meet me at the station. I knew he kept a carriage, and I looked out all along the curb of the arrival platform to see if I could make out a carriage with the Aæth crest; but there were no carriage waiting for the parlia-

mentary train, so I took a cab and drove off to the Queen's.

Next morning I went to look for uncle John. I found myself first of all, in a place they called Piccadilly, but how unlike the real thing! On my left was an open space with some insignificant-looking statues on it, and some basins with iron pipes round them that might have squirted water once. Flanking this open space was a neat barrack-looking building; that was the 'infirmary' or hospital, and from this infirmary, as a sort of nexus, several streets branched off. Big omnibuses, with horses three abreast, came leisurely along, crowded outside and in exclusively with males, all on business bent. Right before me was Market-street—a grimy shabby street—and at the corner, where Market-street debouched upon the open space, was an inn—the Mosely Arms, I think—where many of the buses pulled up. This Mosely Arms to my right-divining soul gave the idea that Mosely-street—which was the street I was told to ask for—could not be far off, and I found that I was correct. It was one of the streets which diverged from the infirmary. It was a long irregular street of warehouses, old and new, tall and short, blocked up one end by a 'classic' church, and I reached this church without seeing my uncle's name on any of the doors. I remembered then that I had a letter in my pocket which contained his address. Just think what my feelings were when I found the place and saw over the door a large signboard—"Death & Co.—Fustians."

Some of our family indeed have assumed the D, and it was not impossible that uncle John might have been among these, and that the apostrophe had been rubbed out; but no, the thing was too plain, in large gilt capital Roman letters—DEATH.

This may seem a small thing; but when you've been in the habit of priding yourself on your name, that your forefathers have borne for centuries, to see it brought down to the common level of death is too annoying. They'd call me Death, too, if I didn't stand out against it, and I'd always have been so particular about the way the name was spelt and pronounced. This must be seen to at once. As I stood looking up at the signboard, I found that somebody else was watching me from the steps of the warehouse; somebody who had descended from an old-fashioned four-wheeled chaise, drawn by a rat-tailed old screw—an old man, with a cold pinched-up face, who wore a short mackintosh coat, of the ancient strong-smelling sort, black-trousers rather short for him, and brown gaiters over his shoes.

"Servant, sir!" he said politely, as I made to address him.

"Is Mr. John Aæth?" (pronounced Yacht, as I said before) "here?"

"John Death? Ay, ay. John Death, at your service. What's your business?"

"Ah, uncle," I said, "I'm your nephew Arthur. How d'ye do?"

The old gentleman took a yellow bandanna from his pocket, and trumpeted loudly into it.

"Ugh!" he said. "What do you want?"

"Well, I—I—understood you expected me."

"Ah," he grunted, after a while, "I did expect a lad for the warehouse, son of brother Ned. Great fool Ned, full of his fineries and fancies; what came of 'em? Why, nobbut you, I expect, and chaps like you. Ugh! Well, come in."

This wasn't promising, but I had heard that he was something of an original and must be humored, so I followed him quietly into the warehouse. He dealt in fustians, you'll remember. Fusty uns they were. The smell? Well, the smell was like—what was it like?—say the essence of skilled laborer, on a hot day after a shower.

The counting-house was a dark little place boxed off from a great long room full of these fustians. There were in it two tall stools and a cane-bottomed chair. On the desk were three or four big books with laced patterns on their backs.

"Well," he said, after a while, and after he'd looked me over once or twice, and scratched his head after each inspection—"well, where are ye lodging now?"

"O, I haven't got lodgings yet. I stopped at the Queen's last night."

The old fellow looked me over in silence once more, and then he really seemed to have got a funny idea. He chuckled, in a choky way, put his head out of the counting-house—"Joash!" he called—"Joash!"

A broad red-faced man, with tremendous brawny arms, in his shirt sleeves, wearing a bright figured satin waistcoat, appeared.

"Joash," said my uncle, "this is new lad for warehouse. He's stopping at the Queen's!"

Both Joash and he seemed to find the idea very funny. I couldn't see the joke, but I tried to humor him a bit, and joined the laugh.

My uncle turned serious all of a sudden.

"Joash," he said, "lad's no good to us."

"Eh, I dunno, maister," said Joash cheerfully. "Lad's reet enough; he's your nevvew, maister, and he's loike to hold his head up high. Eh, he'd make a fine traveller, maister, if he knew aught about guds."

"Guds!" cried uncle—he meant goods, fustians, etc.—"he knows naught!"

"O, come," said I, "I do know a bit about travelling; I did travel once, on commission."

"And what sort of a job did you make of it?"

I told 'em the story, whereat Joash exploded, and retired to hide his emotions behind a heap of fustians. My uncle looked grimmer than ever, but still there was a twinkle in his eye that almost belied his gravity.

"Well," he said at last, "I mun see if Joash can make aught of thee. Here, Joash," he cried, "take the lad and set him to work. I shall put thee in the wage book for thrutty shilling a week. But thou'll never earn it. And look here, lad," he said: "none of thy joaks here; we're all for business here. I've heard of thee before, my lad, and first time I catches thee at any of thy wild pranks, away thou goest back to thy friends again—dost hear?"

"If ever I so much as wink, except out of business hours, you may boil me!" I cried. And I meant it; I really meant to go into fustians with all the vigor of my intellect. I meant to master the business, and put myself into the way of taking my uncle's place.

But the worst of it was, there was nothing to do. "It were very slack," Joash said, "just now, being nearly Christmas time and no orders coming in." Uncle contrived to make himself busy, trotting about, going on 'Change and to the Portico—a place were lots of old fogies congregate to read the papers and gossip—blessed old Athenians!—but in the warehouse we had literally nothing to do from morning till night. And of course, under these circumstances, Satan crept in. I was bound to do something, and so I got into mischief. Our amusements, however, were innocent enough. Making egg-flip, heating it over the gas-jet on the top floor, was a great resource. I had a specialty for making good flip, and Joash was passionately fond of it. Then we played whist, and I initiated my companions into the latest scientific manoeuvres of that noble game; for I was then an excellent player. I was a skilful caricaturist too, and drew poor Joash so beautifully to the life, that the poor old fellow was quite out of it.

"Nay," he said, "if I'm ugly as you, it's quite time I were put under ground."

He secreted the sketch after a while, but kept it carefully, nevertheless, and I have more than once caught him looking at it in quiet corners, shaking his head, and singing the song of Simeon over it.

In the course of our experiments in the heating properties of gas, I made a remarkable discovery. I found out that by applying the mouth—somebody else's mouth is preferable—to the orifice of a gas-burner, and blowing down it vigorously, in a few seconds you extinguish all the lights that may be supplied with gas from that particular set of pipes. This was an endless source of amusement. Imagine that it is Saturday morning, a heavy fog abroad, dark as pitch outside, inside the gas burning foggy. Uncle is in the counting-house, reading the *Manchester Courier* by gaslight. Joash is downstairs in the same floor, banging about fustians from one pile to another, by way of looking as if he'd something to do. Presently the lights go out one after the other, and the whole building is left in Cimmerian darkness.

"Joash! Joash!" my uncle would shout, struggling out of his office. "Joash! there's that domned gas again. Run, Joash, and turn out all the taps." Poor Joash would come puffing and blowing upstairs, turning out all the taps as he came, anathematising the gas company at every step. After that the gas-men would be sent for, and would poke about the pipes and meter for hours, but never found anything wrong.

"It's t'water got into pipes," Joash would say. And once or twice they had up the pavement of Mosely-street, and traffic suspended for hours, but they could never find the source of the evil.

Uncle had a traveller who was generally out on his rounds, but was now at home for Christmas. He was an ill-conditioned fellow, a great swell in his way, and always wore a wonderfully shiny hat. He had a grudge against me, fearing, I suppose, lest I should cut him out of my uncle's good graces, for he had some idea of getting a partnership by and by, and was always fawning on uncle John. He would come sneaking about, joining our little diversions, and sharing our flip, without sharing the score; and then, as I heard afterwards, he'd go and tell my uncle that I was debauching the other hands, and teaching them to drink and gamble. I couldn't think at the time my uncle looked so surly, but I didn't seem to grow in his good graces.

This traveller, whose name was Slocomb, was spiteful enough in other ways too. One day I had left my hat on a pile of fustians, and my friend the traveller, who had picked up a customer in the town, and was showing him some goods, thought proper to drop a heavy piece right on the top of my unfortunate tile, crushing it quite flat. He pretended that it was an accident, but behind my back he gloated over the deed, and laughed loudly to his pals; and I determined to pay him off. It was a serious trouble to me, that smashed hat; for I couldn't afford a new one, and was fast verging to the seedy in other respects as well.

Now for revenge! Night was coming on; my uncle was out, as I thought; Slocomb was on the basement-floor writing, and Joash was sweeping out the rooms. He used a composition of sawdust and water, something like very thick oatmeal porridge, and sprinkled the floors with this before he went over them with his brush. Now there was a hoist from the basement of the warehouse to the top story, a wooden pipe, as it were, about four feet square, with openings on each floor; a rope and cage ran up and down it. This wooden pipe also was used as a means of verbal communication from one floor to another, as by shouting down it you could make anybody hear from the bottom to the top of the warehouse, and *vice versa*. I had made one of the young hands, a lad whom Slocomb tyrannised over, my accomplice, and he

commenced operations by shouting down the hoist:

"Hi! Slocomb!"

"Well," said somebody, coming and putting his head into the hoist.

"Here's a letter for you; a young woman left it; catch!"

Slocomb I knew would be eager enough; for he was always engaged in some dirty intrigue, and made this lad fetch and carry for him, and indeed he stepped at once into the inside of the pipe to catch the letter.

I was ready on the first-floor with an immense box full of the sawdust-and-water composition, which Joash had swept up from the floors, with all the dirt and mud of the day mixed up in it, and I had arranged it so as to tip over at a touch. Down it went like an avalanche. There was a sound of crashing and smashing, a cry of rage and astonishment. I ran downstairs as hard as I could go, to gloat over my victim and proclaim my deed; for I really wanted a row with the fellow. His discomfort was complete. He lay there in a pool of sawdust and water, his hat smashed over his face, his head and shoulders covered with the composition, whilst streams of water trickled all about him. "One for me, old fellow!" I cried, and seized him by the legs to draw him out. Horror of horrors! my hands came in contact with my uncle's gaiters! He it was who having heard that Slocomb was carrying on an irregular correspondence by means of his apprentice, had been watching for proof and had stepped into the hoist to intercept the letter. This I heard afterwards, for at the time, when I saw from under the battered hat protrude the indignant outraged countenance of my uncle, I fled.

Rub-a-dub-a-dub-dub! A great crash of drums and squeaking of the ear-piercing fifes. I ran to the door. A recruiting party was passing down the street, amid a crowd of loafers. Away I went without looking back, and next morning I was attested as a recruit in the 66th Light Dragons.

CURIOUS CUSTOMERS.

Although we are accustomed to hear complaints, in this jostling, struggling world of ours, of weaker persons who go to the wall, it is not to be denied that if they cry but pretty loudly they will receive an immediate share of public attention, and if found to be much or unduly squeezed, we are justified by precedent in assuming that sympathy and assistance will also be given them. Very many classes of society, when found to be suffering under the burden and heavy pressure of a yoke to which they once voluntarily submitted themselves, have been relieved by the charitable interference of public opinion. These are generally found to be suffering from the infliction of too much work for too little money, which we call a grievance of condition; but there are other grievances, which for distinction's sake we will call grievances of the feelings, suffered by those whose calling brings them into constant and actual contact with the public, which require for their alleviation not the active interference, but only the attention and consideration of society.

One would naturally suppose that every person who enters a shop is aware of what he requires. Our experience, however, shows that shopkeepers and shopmen are accustomed to recognize two classes of customers: those who know what they want, and those who do not. In the first is to be found that customer who is so rare and so perfect that we will call him the Ideal customer. He exists as a sort of fond dream in the mind of the shopman, sometimes, but all too seldom, realized. He knows what he wants, and he knows the price; he asks for it, pays for it, and he takes it away. Heaven prosper him on his way! He is a model to all customers.

Now if the shopkeeper did not possess the article required by the Ideal customer, he would inform him so, and the customer would leave the shop. In this respect, and in this only, he differs from the Obstinate customer, who although quite as clear on his requirements, gives far more trouble. For he is no sooner informed that the article he wishes is not kept, than he betrays a belief that it is, and that only laziness or lack of understanding prevents his obtaining it. He therefore institutes a little search on his own account throughout the shop, naturally inflicting annoyance on the feelings of the shopman.

We will suppose the Obstinate customer enters a chemist's shop, and asks for a pair of washing gloves. He is told that we "do not keep them."

"Don't keep them?" he exclaims, gazing keenly around the shop; "dear me, that's very awkward! What is that pile of things on the shelf just above your head there?"

"He is told that they are chest protectors."

"Oh, indeed! Chest protectors, eh? they wouldn't do then—they wouldn't—do." This is said slowly as the speaker's eye wanders searchingly around the shop. Presently he says again, probably pointing rudely and officiously with his umbrella:

"Isn't that pile of things there with the red borders to them washing gloves? I think they must be!"

They are accordingly taken down, and shown to be something quite different to washing gloves. A glimmer of intelligence will then perhaps shine upon him, and he will say,

"Well, if you haven't got them I can't have them—can I?" And then casting suspicious glances around him, he leaves the shop slowly, and the shopman may think himself fortunate if something in the window does not attract his notice, and bring him back again.

A customer much to be avoided is the Indiscreet customer. He orders readily, and speedily finds what he wants. But he never thinks about price, and generally never inquires until his parcel of goods is packed up. It most frequently happens that the price is three or four times what he expected or can afford, and an awkward dilemma is the result. It generally ends in the parcel being opened, and the goods extracted until the amount is reduced to within the reach of the Indiscreet customer's pocket.

This customer is the more annoying as the mode of dealing with him is so difficult. If it be attempted to discern the probable worth of the individual by his dress and appearance, there is the utmost danger of confounding him with the Unknown customer, who is at once the horror and delight of shopkeepers. We will narrate a fact we came across to illustrate this.

A shabby old gentleman walked into a jeweler's shop and asked to be allowed to look at some topazes. Three or four were accordingly shown to him, and he quickly selected the best, which he said was hardly good enough. "Ah, but you see these stones are expensive," said the jeweler, rather patronizingly. "I can assure you the one you have chosen would answer any ordinary purpose."

The old gentleman looked around him in a dissatisfied way, and presently caught sight of a large and beautiful stone in a corner of the jeweler's glass case.

"That looks more like what I want," said he; "let me look at that one, will you?"

"It will be very expensive, Sir; very indeed—more, I dare say, than you would like to give. The stone you have is very good, Sir."

In a quiet voice, the old gentleman asked if the stone was for sale or only on view. At this rebuke the jeweler produced it, naming a high price. It was immediately chosen, and his customer, taking a sketch from his pocket, said:

"Get that coat of arms engraved upon it, and send me word when it is done."

He gave his name and address. He was a noble earl; and the shopkeeper had committed the grievous error of treating him as an Indiscreet, when he was an Unknown customer.

One of the most remarkable specimens is the Communicative customer. This person, it appears, will, with the slightest encouragement (and sometimes without), converse freely about his personal and private affairs over a shop counter, to an individual he has never seen before in his life. A gentleman of this class, on the simple introduction occasioned by the purchase of half a pound of figs, told the grocer's assistant that he should have been in the grocery trade himself if he had stopped down in the country, where he was born; but he always had a fancy to come to London; so he ran away, and came.

"I was n't worth much when I first arrived," said the Communicative customer; "but I'm worth a few thousands now. I bought a house yesterday that cost me over £1,500, and I'm going to furnish it, and left it furnished. I never could get on with unfurnished houses. One of my tenants, &c., &c."

Another instance was a man who, within five minutes of entering the shop, informed the shopman where he was going to dine, what he was going to have, and what his balance was at his bankers."

Of course, the most troublesome of all customers are to be found among those who do not know what they want. Foremost among these, we are informed, are ladies. The difficulty these fair creatures have in making up their mind is only equalled by the difficulty the shopman experiences in making it up for them. They are impressed with the idea that the task of buying must be performed slowly; and if an article is found speedily, that is *prima facie* evidence that it is not suitable. The experience of a shopman in a fancy shop was interesting on this point.

If a lady and her husband are about to purchase, the lady of course performs the selection.

"That is very pretty, dear—is n't it?"

"Yes, very. Suppose you have that."

The fair one shrinks from the conclusion. She searches further. Presently she exclaims again:

"There! I think I really like that the best of any!"

Her husband observes not unreasonably:

"Well, then, my dear, you'd better have that one."

And we are assured that the lady will invariably put it on one side, and look over the others again.

Foreigners bear a very bad character. As the object of the Barnacles and Stiltstalkings was always "how not to do it," so the aim of a foreigner when he enters a shop would appear to be not to obtain what he requires. He demands an article. It is shown to him. He then wants it with or without some particular attribute. This is produced, and he finds some other qualifications necessary, and so on.

Such a man will enter a stationer's shop and say, "Have you such note-paper, what is very lean?" Apprehending that he wants very thin paper for foreign correspondence, the shopman shows him some. He looks at it thoughtfully and says, "Ave you also blue?" Blue paper is shown, and the foreign customer is, alarmed at the prospect of getting exactly what he wants. But presently a happy thought strikes him, and he says, "Ave you wiz line?" If that

is also found, he wishes it "as large so that," measuring with his fingers; until at last, having by patience and perseverance succeeded in not getting what he wants, he raises his hat politely and leaves the shop.

All experience shows that the shopman should avoid being particular as to the manner or mode of speaking to customers. We have most of us met with people who annoyed us by a peculiarity of some sort in manner or conversation. This, no doubt, arises from a little fastidiousness on our part; yet we do occasionally allow our feelings a little liberty in this respect. But it is an exceedingly ill-advised thing for a shopman to do, especially (as is most often the case) with habitual customers. We met with an amiable bookseller, who suffered intense annoyance from a young man who frequently came into his shop, and, commencing at the door to speak in the highest falsetto, would end when he arrived at the counter in the deepest bass.

"Right down in his boots!" said our informant angrily; and although we pointed out that it was but a trivial fault, for which the young man was not perhaps altogether responsible, the bookseller declared he should be unable much longer to restrain his indignation.

A young man behind a counter complained of a customer who annoyed him by saying, "Err—yes—um!" in a nasal tone, at every available opportunity in conversation. The shopman always carefully constructed his sentences so as to avoid, if possible, the exclamation, and, failing this, he adopted the plan of serving him in dead silence.

We could speak of the Harmonic customer, who whistles or hums a tune the whole of the time he is in the shop, when not speaking, and who converses in an abrupt, short manner, in order to give himself more time for melody; of the Indistinct customer, who twice asks for "Orlypobbeggletokens," and, in despair, is at last told that he may perhaps get them at little lower down on the same side of the way; of the Precise customer, who will not have his parcel sealed with wax, because the wax gets under his finger nail when he opens it; and of many, many more. But for want of space we must stop, content if we have reminded the public that if everybody is entitled to consideration from the shopman, the shopman may look for a little consideration from everybody.

THE GREAT YACHT RACE OF 1866.

Three vessels contested for the palm of victory in this naval feat,—the Henrietta, the Fleetwing, and the Vesta; the two former being regular schooner-built keel boats, and the latter what is called a "centre-board" vessel, that is, fitted with a shifting keel, which could be drawn up at will; a great advantage when sailing in a light breeze before the wind, on account of its less resistance to the water, but rather a disadvantage, almost a danger, in a rough chopping sea with a head, or foul wind. All the yachts were of nearly equal tonnage, some two hundred according to the American scale. With regard to crews and officers, the Henrietta carried twenty-two seamen, her owner, Mr. Bennett—the son of the proprietor of the *The New York Herald*, and the vice-commander of the New York Yacht Club; and her sailing master, an old and experienced navigator, Captain Samuels, who once sailed a celebrated American clipper ship, called the Dreadnaught, from New York to Liverpool, before the days of steam and ten days' trips, within fourteen days, a wonderful passage under sail for a heavy ship, and the quickest ever known. The Henrietta also had a first and second mate, and two supernumeraries, twenty-eight souls on board in all. The Fleetwing had only twenty-two "of all sorts," and the Vesta the same number. The owner of the winning yacht, the Henrietta, deserves additional credit from the fact of his being the only one of the competitors who had the courage to essay the voyage in his own vessel; the other owners came over in one of the Cunard steamers to see the finish and reap the fruit of the race, should they win, without risking its perils.

Of course the contest was for money. A "sweep" was entered into by the three owners of thirty thousand dollars each, the winner to pocket the whole, and thus gain a profit of sixty thousand greenbacks, a prize worth taking. The course was from Sandy Hook bar to Cowes, no time allowance, and the first vessel to win.

On Tuesday, the 11th December, 1866, at one o'clock in the afternoon, they all started. It was a beautiful clear frosty day, with the sun shining brightly, and the sky as blue as azure and without a cloud; but it was blowing strongly and the wind was intensely cold, the winter having set in, as usual, with a steady severe frost. A number of pleasure steamers and tug-boats, went down the bay to see the boats off; and what with the amount of gaudy bunting displayed, the bands playing "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star-spangled Banner," the cheering, the hoarse-voicing, and the fine weather, the scene was intensely exciting and enlivening.

After a warning gun to "get ready," the final signal was given, and away the three yachts started on a bowline with a good eight-knot breeze, the Henrietta lying well in shore, and having the worst of it at first, although she greatly retrieved her position when all got out into the offing. She lost sight of her competitors at nightfall on the first day at sea; and it is a remarkable fact, that none of the yachts sighted

each other again until all met in Cowes roads. The Henrietta ran two hundred and thirty-five miles in the first twenty-four hours from the start; after that she averaged regularly fourteen knots an hour during the rest of the voyage. When half way across the Atlantic, she experienced very heavy weather, losing six men overboard, and having to lay-to for five hours; she sprang a leak also; and it must have been a ticklish thing to all when the carpenter entered the cabin with a lugubrious face, and announced that the yacht was making water fast. However, Mr. Bennett gave orders to hold on at all hazards; the leak, which probably resulted from a sudden strain, as suddenly stopped, the canvas again was spread, and the Henrietta continued her course, with all plain sail set, as if nothing had happened. It is worthy of note that she sailed on the same even tack throughout the entire passage, and lost no ground—or one should more properly say "water"—by it either, for she hardly veered eleven miles from a straight line drawn on the chart between her point of departure and landfall at the "Needles." Passing this latter place at half-past three on the afternoon of Christmas-day, the Henrietta arrived at Cowes the same evening, completing her voyage from Sandy Hook in exactly 13 days 22 hours and 46 minutes, the winner of the ocean yacht race and the thirty-thousand-dollar sweepstakes. The Fleetwing came in to the port one hour and twenty minutes after midnight on the same day, and the Vesta at four o'clock *ante meridian* the following; so it was really a very close race, having only a few hours intervening between them all, after competing for over three thousand odd miles.

It is a matter of regret that Mr. Bennett sold the Henrietta after she had so distinguished herself. The last time I saw her was along the quays of New York, discharging a cargo of oranges and lemons which she had imported from Bermuda, as she is now in "the fruit trade." A sad come-down for a gallant racer, almost as ignominious as for a Derby winner to be seen in the metropolitan streets drawing a four-wheel cab filled with patients for the Smallpox Hospital! The Dauntless, the new representative of the vice-commander of the New York Yacht Club, is not nearly so swift as her predecessor, in spite of her being larger, more roomy, and incomparably better fitted up. She has a long low black hull, reminding one of those daring smuggler vessels and pirate schooners that Maryatt immortalised; while, to follow Longfellow:

"and every where
The slender graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the masthead,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars."

She is a hundred and twenty-seven feet long, of twenty-six feet beam, and ten feet depth of hold. Her masts are wonderfully lofty, the main and maintop up to the truck measure exactly a hundred and fifty feet from the deck; while her fore and foretop mast are but twenty feet less. She spreads over eight thousand square yards of canvas; but that does not count for much, as she requires almost a hurricane to drive her along. The *Cambria*, it may be recollected, beat her on the last "International race" from Queenstown to Sandy Hook by some four hours and a half, and the *Cambria* is by no means entitled from her speed to be considered a representative of English yachts generally.

Habits of Literary Men.

We have from Aubrey the manner in which Hobbes composed his "Leviathan": "He walked much and mused as he walked, and he had in the head of his cane a pen and inkhorn, and he carried always a notebook in his pocket; and as soon as a thought darted he presently entered it into his book, or otherwise might have lost it. He had drawn the design of the book into chapters, and he knew whereabouts it would come in." To Aubrey also we owe this account of Prynne's method of study: "He wore a long quilt cap, which came at least two or three inches over his eyes, which served him as an umbrella to defend his eyes from the light. About every three hours his man was to bring him a roll and a pot of ale to refocillate his wasted spirits; so he studied and drank and munched some bread; and this maintained him till night, and then he made a good supper." Mr. Jacob adds on his own motion: "Refocillation is a favorite resource—whatever the word may be—with authors not a few. Addison, with his bottle of wine at each end of the long gallery at Holland House, and Schiller, with his flask of old Rhenish, and his coffee laced with old Cognac, at three in the morning, occur to the memory at once." Dr. Darwin, the grandfather of the great living naturalist, was a strange compound of science and eccentricity. He wrote most of his works on scraps of paper with a pencil, as he traveled. His equipage was as odd as his habits. He rode in an old "sully," with a skylight at top, and an awning which could be drawn over it in case of need. The front of the carriage contained a box for the writing-paper and pencils, a knife and fork, and spoon. On one side was a huge pile of books. On the other, a hamper of fruit and sweetmeats, cream and sugar, which divided the attention of the burly old doctor with the stack of literature. Burns usually composed while walking in the open air. Until he was completely master of a

tune, he could never write words for it. When he felt "his muse beginning to jade," he retired to the fireside of his study, and there committed his thoughts to paper. Sometimes he composed "by the leeside of a bowl of punch which had upset every mortal in the company except the hautbois and the muse." Shelley was once found in a pine forest writing verses on a guitar, the paper presenting a frightful scrawl, "all smear, and smudge, and disorder." "When my brain gets heated with thought," said he, "it soon boils, and throws off words and images faster than I can skim them off." In the morning when cooled down out of that rude sketch, I shall attempt a drawing." Christopher North describes himself as writing "by screeds," the coming on about ten in the morning, which he would encourage by a mere "nut-shell of mountain dew" ("which my dear friend the English opium-eater would toss off in laudanum.") As soon as he felt there was no danger of a relapse, this demon would be with him the whole day, he ordered dinner at nine, shut himself up within triple doors, and set manfully to work. "No desk! an inclined plane—except in bed—is my abhorrence. All glorious articles must be written on a dead flat." Washington Irving wrote most of the "Stout Gentleman" while mounted on a stile, or seated on a stone, in his excursions with Leslie the painter round about Stratford-upon-Avon, the latter taking sketches in the meantime. The artist says his companion wrote with the greatest rapidity, often laughing to himself, and from time to time reading the manuscript aloud. Douglas Jerrold worked at a desk without a speck upon it, using an inkstand in a marble shell clear of all litter, his little dog at his feet. Dr. Channing had the habit of taking a turn in the garden, during which he was a study for the calm concentration of his look, and the deliberateness of his step. Charlotte Brontë had to choose her favorable days for writing. Weeks or even months would sometimes elapse before she could add anything to the story which she had commenced. She wrote on little scraps of paper in a minute hand, holding each against a little piece of thin board for a desk, on account of her short-sightedness. Many of the more spirited description in "Marmion" were struck on while Scott was out with his cavalry. In the intervals of drilling, he delighted to walk his black steed up and down by himself, upon the Portobello sands, within the beating of the surf, and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs, and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. Coleridge liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copsewood. Wordsworth, preferred to weave his verses while pacing up and down a straight gravel walk, or in some spot where the flow of his rhymes was not exposed to any casual interruption. Some whimsical instances of the caprices of literary taste have been picked up by the author in his wanderings through the dusty purlieus of the library. He finds many who join in expressing admiration for books which they would deem it a burden to read through. There is a "munchiness of truth" in the principle, however unjust in the application, of Voltaire's sarcasm on Dante, that his "reputation will now continually be growing greater and greater, because there is now nobody who reads him." "What will you say," writes Lord Chesterfield, "when I tell you truly that I cannot possibly read our countryman Milton through? Keep this secret for me, for if it should be known, I should be abused by every tasteless pedant, and every solid divine in Europe." Plato is regarded by one of his modern expositors, G. H. Lewes, as both a tedious and a difficult writer, and though often quoted at second hand, one that is rarely read except by professed students and critics. "Men of culture usually attack a dialogue or two out of curiosity, but their curiosity seldom inspires them to further progress. Chaucer, 'some speak of him while I confess I find him unreadable'—'in what terms,' exclaims Thomas Moore. 'Lord Lansdowne was willing to own that he had always felt the same though he did not dare to speak of it. M. de Tocqueville could not read the tragedies of Voltaire, as he acknowledged to his friend, Mr. Senior. The latter asked him, 'Can you read the 'Henriade?' 'No, nor can anybody else,' was the reply. C. R. Leslie mentions Mr. Rose observing at Abbotsford that he had never known anybody who had read Voltaire's 'Henriade' through. Sir Walter replied, 'I have read it, and live; but indeed in my youth I read every thing.' Mrs. Browning confesses humbly before gods and men that she never did and never could read, to the end of Akenside's 'Pleasures of the Imagination.' We have heard Mr. R. W. Emerson make the same confession. The philosophy no doubt spoiled the poetry and the poetry the philosophy. Dr. Thomas Brown of Edinburgh, on the other hand, drew largely on Akenside for his favorite illustrations of ethical doctrine, but whether he admired his poetry as poetry is another thing. Charles Lamb could read almost anything but the Histories of Josephus and Palay's Moral Philosophy, adding, however, to the list all those volumes 'which no gentleman's library should be without' including the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soane, Jenyns, and all 'Directories, Scientific Treatises, Almanacs, and Statutes at Large.' Compared with the labor of reading Dr. Nares's three quarto volumes on Burleigh and his Times, Macaulay declared all other labor, the labor of thieves on the treadmill, of children in factories, of negroes in sugar plantations, to be an agreeable recreation. Carlyle describes the perusal of Whitlocke, Heylin, Prynne, and the like, as 'all flat, boundless, dead, and dismal as an Irish bog,' threatening the reader

with lock-jaw, or at least the suspension of his thinking faculties. Of Carlyle himself, the "Country Parson" remarks, that "he cannot see anything to admire in his writings." I tried to read "Sartor Resartus," and could not do it. I confess further that I would rather read Mr. Helps than Milton, and that I value the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" more highly than all the writings of Shelley put together." Samuel Rogers had no admiration of Shakespeare, and would often quote Ben Jonson's reply to the players who boasted that in all Shakespeare's writings he had never blotted out a line, "Would that he had blotted out a thousand." Byron should have said to Rogers what he said to Moore. "Well, after all, Tom, don't you think Shakespeare was something of a humbug?"—The specimens we have given of Mr. Jacob's manner show that he has rambled to advantage through wide ranges of books and letters, culled many flowers and various fruits on the way, not always with a dainty taste, but usually with a healthy appetite, and if he contributes little to the solid banquet of literature, he brings abundant confectionery for the dessert.

CERF VOLA, THE ESQUIMAUX DOG.

Captain Butler, in the account of his recent travels, through the boundless wastes of the Saskatchewan and the Peace rivers, gives some most interesting sketches of the character of this dog, which was a most faithful well-tried servant and companion to him, not only during his later travels in the "Wild North Land," but also throughout his arduous exploration of the "Great Lone Land." Speaking of the numerous changes, incident on the colonisation of a new territory, that had taken place since he was last in the district referred to, he says:

"Amidst all these changes of scene and society there was one thing still unchanged on the confines of the Red River. Close to the stream, at the place known as the Point of Frogs, an old friend met me with many tokens of recognition. A tried companion was he through many long days of wintry travel. There, as fresh and hearty as when I had parted from him two years before, stood Cerf Vola, the Esquimaux dog who had led my train from Cumberland, on the Lower Saskatchewan, across the ice of the great lakes. Of the four dogs he alone remained. Two years is a long time in the life of any dog, but a still longer period in that of a hauling dog; and Cerf Vola's comrades of that date had gone the way of all earthly things.

"To become the owner of this old friend again, was a work of necessity. Strong and stout as of yore, clean-limbed, long-wooled, deep-chested, with ears pointed forward, and tall close curled over his broad back, Cerf Vola still stood the picture of an Esquimaux.

"Of all the dogs I have known he possessed the largest share of tact. He never fought a pitched battle, yet no dog dared dispute his supremacy. Other dogs had to maintain their headship by many a deadly conflict, but he quietly assumed it, and invariably his assumption was left unchallenged, nay, even upon his arrival at some Hudson Bay fort, some place wherein he had never before set foot, he was want to instantly appoint himself director-general of all the Company's dogs, whose days from earliest puppyhood had been passed within the palisades. I have often watched him at this work, and marvelled by what mysterious power he held his sway. I have seen two or three large dogs flee before a couple of bounds merely made by him in their direction, while a certain will-some-one-hold-me-back kind of look pervaded his face, as though he was only prevented from rending his enemy into small pieces by the restraining influence which the surface of the ground exercised upon his legs.

"His great weight, no doubt, carried respect with it. At the lazy time of the year he weighed nearly 100 pounds, and his size was in no way diminished by the immense coat of hair and fine fur which enveloped him. Had Sir Boyle Roche known this dog he would not have given to a bird alone the faculty of being in two places at once, for no mortal eyes could measure the interval between Cerf Vola's demolition of two pieces of dog-meat, or pemmican, flung in different directions at the same moment.

"During the three months which had elapsed since his arrival at the forts, Cerf Vola had led an idle life; he had led his train occasionally to Fort à la Corne, or hauled a light sled along the ice of the frozen rivers, but these were only desultory trips, and his days had usually passed in peace and plenty.

"Perhaps I am wrong in saying peace, for the introduction of several strange dogs had occasioned much warfare, and although he had invariably managed to come off victorious, victory was not obtained without some loss. I have before remarked that he possessed a very large bushy tail. In time of war this appendage was carried prominently over his back, something after the manner of the plumes upon the casque of a knight in olden times, or the modern helmet of a dragoon in the era of the Peninsular war.

"One day, while he was engaged in a desperate struggle with a bumptious new-comer, a large ill-conditioned mongrel, which had already been vanquished, seeing his victor fully occupied, deemed it an auspicious moment for revenge, and, springing upon the bushy tail, proceeded to attack it with might and main. The unusual noise brought me to the door in time to separate the combatants while yet the tail was intact; but so unlooked-for had been the assault, that it

was found upon examination to be considerably injured. With the aid of a needle and thread, it was repaired as best we could, Cerf Vola apparently understanding what the surgical operation meant, for although he indulged in plenty of uproar at every stitch, no attempt at biting was made by him. He was now, however, sound in body and in tail, and he tugged away at his load in blissful ignorance that fifteen hundred miles of labor lay before him." These, however, and a thousand more added to them, he accomplished, always keeping at the head of the team, and oftener than not drawing more than his share of a heavy load. By this untiring perseverance he was justly rewarded with a well-purchased freedom; and although he took readily to civilised life, "there were two facts in civilisation which caused him unutterable astonishment—a brass band and a butcher's stall. He fled from the one and howled with delight before the other." So attached was Captain Butler to this gallant old dog that he is not content with only eulogising him in prose, but sets forth the excellent qualities of his dumb companion in some pleasantly-written verses.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

CHAPTER I.

A large blue envelope, directed to me, "Austin Dale, Esquire, 13, Larch Hill, Pentonville," where I was the happy occupier of two small rooms. When I entered the parlor where my breakfast was laid in Mrs. Crimmin's best style, there lay the letter, addressed in a strange hand. I took it up, wondering who it was from, and saw the post mark, "Moulesland," a place quiet unknown to me.

I laid the letter aside, knowing that if it contained bad news I should not take my breakfast, and I had a hard day's work before me. There it lay, while I ate my toast and drank my coffee. Then I opened it, and read its contents in a whirl of wonder.

"Austin Dale, Esquire,

"DEAR SIR,—

"We beg to inform you that by the death of the late Theodore Dale, Esq., of Tatton Hall, Moulesland, Cumberland, you succeed to the whole of his property, including Tatton Hall, money in the funds, railway shares, and other moneys, a full description of which will be found in his will. We have long acted as solicitors to your late relative, and hope for the honor of serving you. We are, Sir, yours obediently,

"GRIME & EGERTON, Carlisle."

I read that letter over twenty times at least, and then was as far as ever from understanding it. Suddenly it occurred to me that I had heard my father speak of a distant cousin he had living somewhere among the wilds and fells of Cumberland. A cousin in whose life there was some mystery or tragedy—I could not remember which. Years ago, before my father died, I remember to have heard him express some wonder as to who would inherit this distant kinsman's wealth.

In my own busy struggle for life I had forgotten all about it, and now it seemed that I myself, in all probability the nearest of kin, was the heir. What was Tatton Hall like? how much money had he in the funds, this dead man who spoke to me, for the first time, from his grave?

I went straight to the office. I was head-clerk to Stourton Brothers, the celebrated merchants in Great St. Helen's.

The senior Mr. Stourton was already in his place. I placed the letter in his hands.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Dale," he said; "there is no doubt you have succeeded to a very nice fortune. You want to go at once, of course. Saunders shall take your place."

That was not my only difficulty; he seemed to guess it by instinct.

"Shall I advance you a hundred pounds?" he asked. "You can repay me when you arrange your affairs. If there is anything in which we can be of service to you, command us."

He gave me ten bank-notes for ten pounds each, shook hands with me, wished me good luck; then I hastened away. I caught the mid-day mail for the north, and was soon seated comfortably in a first-class carriage.

I went direct to Carlisle, thinking it better to see Messrs. Grime and Egerton first. They were very kind to me, but could tell me very little about the late Theodore Dale.

"He was a wealthy man," said Mr. Grime. "We managed his property for him, invested his money, and all that kind of thing, but we never saw him; all our business was managed by letter. The last ten years of his life he never left the doors of Tatton Hall, not even for a walk in his own woods."

"That was strange," I said.

"He was very eccentric. He had a great trouble in his life—the loss of his wife. Did you never hear of it?"

"No," I replied; "we were perfect strangers. I never even heard his name above once or twice in my life."

"He married a very beautiful girl, and brought her home to Tatton. Some said he was very happy with her; others that he was jealous of her. There were rumors of quarrels and high words. At last she ran away. He advertised

for her, he offered large rewards for anyone who would bring him news of her, alive or dead. He was like a man distracted. When he found it was of no use, he shut himself within the walls of his house and never left it."

"And has nothing ever been heard of her since?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied. "You will find in the will that should she ever re-appear, there is ample provision for her. That money will go to your children, if she is dead."

They had no more to tell me except that Tatton was in charge of an old housekeeper, who had lived the greater part of her life with her master; there was an annuity left for her, and strict commands in the will that she should live always at the Hall.

I remained with the solicitors some hours, then went on to Tatton. The Hall was built, I found, about two miles from the pretty little town of Moulesland. There was a station at Moulesland, and I hired a carriage to drive over to the Hall. It was a pleasant journey. From all that the solicitors told me, I found my income would amount to quite five thousand per annum. I should be able to keep a nice carriage of my own then.

Tatton Woods were in wild disorder—there had been no timber cut for a number of years; the park was the same; the gardens were over run with weeds, in the midst of which bloomed thousands of fragrant flowers. The paths were all moss-grown; the pleasure-grounds were a luxuriant wilderness; the orchards full of ripe fruit, little of which had been gathered; the hot-houses were all in disorder and disarray. The fountains were all dried up; the whole aspect of this place was one of utter desolation.

Nor did the house look much better; it was a grand old building, that must have been lonely when in proper order. It was surrounded by terraces, neglected; most of the windows had beautiful light balconies, round which it was easy to see blooming flowers had once clung.

I was charmed with the place; its size, its grandeur amazed me. A dozen good workmen, and it would be soon in excellent order again.

I drew up to the front entrance—there was a noble flight of steps, and a large Grecian portico. Then I dismissed the carriage and the man. I stood looking round me in mute wonder—could it be possible all this was mine?

Then I rang the bell; I remember the loud clang that sounded through the empty house. In a few minutes the door was opened by a tall, strong, elderly woman, who asked very respectfully if I were the new master.

"Mr. Grime wrote to me, sir, to say you would be here this evening, sir. I have dinner laid in the library, and I have prepared one of the spare bedrooms for you."

I thanked her, lingered to look round the grand old entrance-hall, with its groined roof, then I followed her to the library.

Although it was September she had a cheerful fire blazing in the grate, and soon served me a *recherché* little dinner—a chicken, a delicious pudding, jelly as clear as crystal, with a bottle of the finest sherry I ever tasted.

"The cellars are full of wine, sir," she said, "when you have time to examine them."

"Have you no one to help you in this great house?" I asked.

"No. My late master never allowed a stranger's foot to cross the threshold. I have not attempted to keep it all in order—the western wing has been closed for many years."

After dinner the housekeeper showed me all over the house. I was amazed at its size—the rooms were all lofty, large, magnificently decorated, and cheerful. There was a drawing-room containing four windows; a noble dining-room; a large, lofty library; a pleasant morning room; a long picture-gallery; a study, in which my late kinsman seemed to have passed the later years of his life; bedrooms innumerable. The western wing, so long closed, consisted of the state apartments, a beautiful ball-room, an elegant boudoir—rooms that had been used by the wife of Theodore Dale, and which had been kept closed exactly as she left them.

"I never go near that part of the house myself," said the housekeeper, "it looks so dreadfully desolate."

"Were you here when Mrs. Dale ran away?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I lived here when my master brought her home. She was the loveliest lady I ever saw, and master worshipped her."

"Why did she go, then?"

"She never loved him, sir. The house was full of servants in those days, and they did say she had been forced to marry him against her will, while she loved some one else. My poor master was as patient as an angel with her; he gave in to all her whims; he humored her every caprice; she was always haughty and cold to him."

"Once or twice—always when my master was from home—there came a very handsome melancholy gentleman to see my mistress. The servants, who knew everything, said she was her old lover; I cannot tell. One afternoon my master came back unexpectedly, and found him here. I do not know what passed, but, according to my solemn belief, from that hour he went mad. I shall always think so."

"The gentleman came again; one of the servants saw him with my mistress in the grounds; she was crying bitterly. That very night she disappeared; there can be no doubt that she ran away with him. My master thought so; he offered heavy rewards for news of her—none ever came. She went away with her old lover, there is no doubt; she may be dead, or she may be living with him still. It is just twelve years ago. My master never recovered his health or

his spirits; he shut himself up, and he would neither see nor be seen.

"Is there any portrait of her?" I asked.

"Yes, one; but it is in what used to be her own boudoir in the western wing. I will find the keys and show it to you."

We went: a long, beautiful corridor led into this closed-up western wing. When the great oaken door was opened there came an earthy, damp, unpleasant odor.

"Are these rooms ever aired?" I asked of the housekeeper, who followed me.

"To tell you the truth, sir, I go into them as little as I can. It may be fancy, but it seems to me I hear strange noises in my lady's rooms."

We went through a most beautiful suite of rooms, a bed-room fitted up with blue velvet, a bath-room, a dressing-room, where the open wardrobe doors gave glimpses of costly dresses hanging within, into a boudoir where art and money seemed to have done their utmost.

"Nothing has been touched here," said the housekeeper, "since my lady disappeared; the very day after my master ordered them to be locked up; he never entered them again. This is the portrait, sir."

Looking up I saw the dark, passionate face of a most beautiful woman, with dark eyes and a mouth like a rose; a face full of life, passion, power, and genius, but not the face of a woman likely to spend her life in the quiet discharge of her duties by the side of Theodore Dale. Beautiful, with a rich, growing, passionate beauty that stirred my heart as a gaze upon it.

It was almost pitiful to look around; there were the books she had used, the music she had played; there was a lace shawl thrown carelessly aside, a glove that looked as though it had just been taken from a little hand; the remnants of withered flowers were still in the vases.

"Come away," I said to the woman, with a shudder; "it makes me quite faint and ill to stop here."

CHAPTER II.

The bedroom prepared for me was large and cheerful; there were long white-lace curtains to the windows, the bed too was hung with a deep green carpet, the furniture was all in excellent repair; one door opened into the bathroom, the other into a pretty little dressing-room. The housekeeper, Mrs. Glynn, had evidently taken the greatest pains to prepare them for me.

Before I went to sleep, I thanked God heartily for this great gift given to me. I promised to be a faithful steward of the great wealth entrusted to me. I remember looking at my watch as fatigued by the long day, I lay down to sleep—it was just half-past eleven.

I do not know how long I had slept, but I was aroused by the most terrible scream I had ever heard in a woman's voice—a cry of surprise and deadly fear—it was succeeded by long-drawn, gasping sighs, which faded into what sounded like faint, feeble breathing, then all was still. I was literally petrified with fear—my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, the blood ran like ice in my veins—there was something so appalling in that awful cry. My first impression was that thieves had broken in, and the housekeeper was being murdered. I jumped up hastily, opened the door, and ran out. As a matter of precaution, I had fortunately asked her where she slept. I knocked at the door.

"Is anything the matter?" I said. She answered, in a sleepy voice, "No, sir."

"Did you scream loudly just now, Mrs. Glynn?"

"No, sir, I have been fast asleep; I heard no noise. Is there anything wrong?"

"I must have been dreaming. I thought I heard you crying for help; I am sorry I disturbed you. Good-night."

I went back to my own room, fairly terrified; the fluttering breathing still sounding in my ear.

I can hardly expect anyone who reads what follows to believe me. I vouch for the truth of it. When, with a sinking heart and failing courage, I re-entered my room, a woman stood there—a woman in a curious white dress—and, oh, God! such a face! I pray that I may never even in my dreams see such another. She was standing at the foot of my bed, looking at it. When I entered the room, she turned and looked at me, she raised one finger and beckoned me. She went slowly out of the room—not walking but floating—still beckoning me to follow her. I saw the terrible face, the white figure, and the up lifted finger go slowly down the long corridor, always looking back to see if I were following.

I fell on the floor half dead, more than half dead, with fear. I lay there some little time; then, when I could stir, I rushed down the broad staircase, through the hall, out at the great entrance door; the cool night air, the darkling skies, the tall trees, anything, was welcome after that fever of horror.

Mind, I do not wish to be mistaken for a superstitious man. I am not that. I spent the rest of the night in walking up and down the long terrace in front of the house, and I can swear that when I looked at the western wing I saw a faint light glimmering there.

I thought of many things during that long night. One was, it would never do for my beautiful place to get the reputation of being haunted. If there was any possible means of accounting for what I had seen and heard, it should be done. If, as I truly believed, it was supernatural, I would still do my best to rectify any wrong that had been done. I did not say one word to my housekeeper of what had passed. She asked me about the disturbance in the night, and supposed being tired I had dreamed.

After breakfast I went to Moulensland; there I called upon the doctor, the lawyer, and the curate. I saw the doctor was the man to befriend me.

He was young, not over thirty, pleasant in manner, comely in face, tall, strong, and dauntless; just the man to face a foe. He saw that I looked deadly pale and trembled. I told him the story.

"You are not given to delusions?" he asked. "I never had a delusion or thought of a ghost in my life?" I replied.

He mused for a few minutes.

"As you say, Mr. Dale, it would be a terrible thing for anything to happen to the property; once let a rumor circulate that it is haunted, and you will never know another day's peace."

"I should never live in it myself, and I love the place already," I said.

"I will help you all I can, Mr. Dale. I never feared man or ghost yet. Let me go back and sleep with you. If the figure comes again I will follow it; then perhaps the mystery will be solved."

I was only too pleased and grateful. I spent the day with Dr. Aspen, not being willing to return to Tatton alone—before night we were intimate as brothers.

We returned to the Hall about seven in the evening. Mrs. Glynn had a very nice dinner prepared for us. I gave my friend some of the finest wines in the cellar—we smoked cigars and enjoyed ourselves very much. At eleven we went into my bed-room. "I shall not undress," said the doctor; "and you had better not either."

We did not talk much. Just at twelve the terrible sounds came again; the awful cry, the sobs, the fluttering breath. Brave as he was, the doctor's face grew white as death. Then, although we had locked it, the door opened, and the same white figure appeared, the stony dead face, with its glaring eyes turned on the doctor. She raised her forefinger to him, as she had done to me, and beckoned to him to follow her. "Let go, in God's name," said the doctor. He took the large lamp from the table, and I heard him muttering a prayer to himself.

The white figure floated down the stairs, we followed it. The deadly fear seemed to have left me. I was even able to note where we went. Down the broad stairs, through the hall, through the dining room, and the library, then through the long hall that led to the western wing. The great oak door flew open as the white figure approached; never a word during that terrible walk spoke we. From the white figure there seemed to emanate a bright light; it kept about two feet in advance of us. I looked once in the doctor's face; it was pale, calm, and composed.

She did not, as I had half anticipated go up to the closed rooms, but down. Down through narrow passages, leading to strange out-of-the-way cellars and dark vaults. What such places were ever intended for puzzled me now.

We came to a narrow vaulted passage; we, I, speaking for myself, saw no door in it, but at the end, a door hidden in the black wall opened, and we entered.

Oh Heaven! such a place—a small low vault; we could barely stand upright in it. The white figure floated in, we followed; it seemed to hover for half a minute over the floor, then it disappeared. Dr. Aspen stooped down, and by the light of the lamp we saw a skeleton—the skeleton of a woman lying on the ground. There was a terrible odor in the place—one that made us both faint and sick.

There was no vestige of clothing, nothing but the bare bones; on the left hand, on the bony finger, we saw a wedding ring. Dr. Aspen set the lamp on the moist brick floor, and looked at me—we heard the scratching and scuffling of rats quite close to us.

"Mr. Dale," said the doctor solemnly, "I am convinced that this is the body of your late kinsman's wife; instead of having run away, she has been murdered and thrown in here."

We stood looking at each other in horrified dismay.

"That is the solution of the mystery," he said. "Theodore Dale was mad with jealousy; in a jealous fit he has slain her, and knowing the secret of this vault, with the hidden door, he has thrown her in here."

I could but own to myself in all probability it was true. Then we looked round; there was nothing upon the floor except a metal button, which seemed to have been torn from a man's coat. I may here mention that some time after in looking over the wardrobe of my late kinsman, I found the very coat from which the button had been torn, and the cuff of the same coat was stained with blood.

"Who shall know the secrets of the next world?" said the doctor. "This poor soul has been permitted to return to tell us of the murder done, and to get Christian burial. There can be no doubt it was murder; see, the skull is fractured. If the spirit of this poor murdered woman is near us now, in the name of God I promise Christian burial to her bones."

Then we left the place. We had the greatest difficulty in finding our way back to the upper rooms. What a relief it was when the oak door of the western wing containing the deadly secret was closed behind us. We talked all the rest of the night. The doctor's impression was that Theodore Dale, mad with anger, had killed his wife by a heavy blow in her sleep, then in the dead of the night had flung her into that terrible vault and left her there. Perhaps in her death struggle she tore the button from his coat. It may be that he left her there still dying, but not dead. The truth will never be known.

Well might he close the doors and leave the

rooms untouched; well might he send all the servants away, lest one, wandering through those intricate passages, should light upon his ghastly secret.

Fancy the horror of the life he led, shut up with such a secret. Imagine his guilty fears; the rewards offered to avert suspicion; the mention of his wife in the will, when he knew well where she was lying.

We kept the secret. He was gone where justice is strictly dealt. Revealing it would simply have brought shame and disgrace on me, which I did not deserve. We took the clergyman into our confidence. I sent Mrs. Glynn to London ostensibly to hire servants, in reality to get her out of the way. The curate, the doctor, and myself gathered the grim skeleton and placed it in a coffin. In the dead of the night the curate read the burial service over it and we left it in consecrated ground.

Our peace was never afterwards disturbed, I pulled down the western wing and did away with those hideous vaults. It was rebuilt after a different fashion, and my wife lives there now, with little children playing around her.

Neither doctor or curate ever told the horrible story. The grave is under the shade of a spreading tree; it has no name, but on the tombstone one reads—

"Sleeping in hope of resurrection to come."

A LONDON REFUGE OF THE POOREST SORT.

All through the more wretched portions of great London I sought this ideal spot, and having at length pitched upon it, rising like a gaunt barrack from amidst the hovels where vegetate the toy-makers, I was not surprised to find its scant accommodation so much in demand as to render admission a matter of no little difficulty.

Night after night, at the hour of six, I picked my way through the black mud which dryeth never, and hung about, hoping against hope, to receive each evening the monotonously discouraging rebuff, "No vacancy, my man."

In vain I pleaded extreme poverty, ignorance of London, trifling sickness, even—but without avail. Always the same answer, spoken kindly but firmly, "No vacancy, my poor fellow; we're full. You can't have more of a cat than his skin. It's a crying shame that there should not exist more similar resorts," &c., &c., leaving me always out in the cold with a dirty door labelled, "Refuge, Male Ward," slammed inexorably in my face. But perseverance is a virtue which usually, even in our lopsided world, meets with its reward. At last after much wistful importunity, the master took pity on my homeless state, almost promising to keep a vacancy for me for the following evening. I arrived accordingly, tapped timidly at the master's private door, and was received by his son, a pretty lad of twelve, his pale hair and face glorified with premature authority, who, with an assumption of extreme dignity, bade me follow him to the male ward already closed, and refusing all help from my superior height with a disdainful wave of the hand, proceeded to make dashes at the too aspiringly situated bell, till a murmur and clatter of keys was audible from within, and the dirty door swung upon its hinges, apparently of its own accord. But no—my proud little protector muttered a few words to a baby janitor, barely two feet high, standing in tiny corderoys and blue shirt crossed by leathern braces, with close cropped convict hair, and oh! such a wicked, puny, wizened face, cunningly scanning mine, and then bowing me a cold good-night, left me to the tender mercies of the pigmy.

Innocent little dear! How delightful a web of fancy might be woven from this consignment of tempest-tossed wrecked man to the guidance of a child. How charming! To my dismay the Lilliputian slowly closed one eye, placed an extremely grubby finger on the root of his snub nose, and giving vent to the strange remark, "You're a dead 'un. Oh! yes. You aint got a blessed drab. Oh! no. You're a blooming pauper, you air. Oh-yes-of-course-to-be-sure. I'm-fly," opened wide his mouth, rolled round his eyes, gurgled, protruded his infant tongue, banged the door to with all the wee strength that he could muster, and strutted on, still winking violently, as he piped forth a command to follow him.

This refuge is a huge place, square, grimy, ungainly, as forbidding and utterly ugly as the grievous poverty which it is mission to conceal. There is a female ward, a male ward, and a ragged school, or, more properly speaking, a reformatory; for the hundred screaming mischievous little demons of which the school is composed have all either been picked up by the police, as waifs from the refuse population seething in metropolitan courts and alleys, or have been sent here to be cured of precocious wickedness by order of the worshipful the Mayor. A shrieking unmanageable crew they are—tough twigs to bend—their hair standing up in obstinate shocks like a pony's hog mane, their young faces prematurely hardened and lined by vice, dark with the closed shutters of departed innocence, their cherry lips opening but to launch some ribald remark, or to make use of some awful oath, such as makes one's hair emulate their own. It is a thing to meditate over, to hear them in chapel of a morning like devils suddenly broken loose, bandying obscene jokes as they thumb their hymn-books, and upon entrance of the master as suddenly changing into angels, raising their

clear bell-like voices chirpingly in artless peans of praise, as though the ingenuous act came as natural to them, as spontaneously joyous, as the pure bright lark's notes they so much resemble, soaring upwards in guileless thankfulness for the beauty of the world in which they have been placed. Yet who shall blame their crooked ways, poor outcasts? All they know of the loveliness of God's handiwork is the fetid stifling den from which they sprang, the grinding suffering in which father and mother have been steeped till life became unendurable save through the rosy glamor of alcohol; kicks, blows, curses, dirt, disease, their heritage; a stomach never filled their daily lot; strength denied through lack of sufficient sustenance; a dreary prospect of a life of never-ceasing punishment, with no hope of relief or change, but in the pauper's grave that grimly closes the squalid prospect.

One of these boys, picked from the more or less best behaved, is told off in daily rotation as gate-keeper, his business being to pass on any person that may call to the man in charge of the men's ward hard by. In pursuance of his orders the facetious urchin aforementioned, with much parade of importance, unlocked an inner door, upon which grease had long taken the place of paint, and crying in shrill accents, "Here's another bloke," deftly prodded me in the back, sending me forward with a jerk, and locked the door behind me. I found myself in a low room, some six yards square, squalid and dirty to the last degree, with a bar running round it about two feet from the ground, to which was attached, by means of hooks, the heads of canvas hammocks rolled away. For furniture there were four benches and a broad plank on trestles to serve as table, while the single jet of gas, by which this uninviting chamber was lighted, further disclosed two dust-grimed windows opening inwards, and a portal without a door opposite, leading evidently to a bricked-paved, but improperly drained, and consequently odorous wash-house. Two or three laboring men, silent and gloomy, sat at the table drinking their tea from tin mugs, and cutting their half-loaves of excellent white bread with pocket-knives, well-nigh worn away with sharpening. Moody all of them, for they had been on the tramp all day seeking work and had found none. By degrees the rest dropped in, seventeen in all, specimens of almost every trade. A few were being temporarily employed on the establishment, and came in accordingly from time to time reeking from their work, more especially the gentleman who sat next to me, a white-washer, whose face, hair and arms were speckled like aucuba leaves, and who took a grim delight in rubbing his garments against mine, which were seedy enough, indeed, and whose seams scarce wanted whitening. There was a biscuit-baker, too, an intelligent, quiet fellow, who had fallen into indigence through illness, and talked in his humility of the outer world as "civilians," as though by having sunk so low, we could claim no more communion with the common throng—as though we had been turned into Pariahs with a visible mark of Cain upon our brows. And then there were two Irishmen, a dock-labourer whose injured hand prevented his obtaining work, and a shoemaker of the fierce, ferocious class of Celts of which Fenians are made, and who seem as if trouble had rubbed away their veneer of humor, only leaving an underlying gnawing sense of injustice and of wrong. There were two carpenters always at logger-heads as to the best way of executing a given piece of work, distinguished one from the other by the rest, the one by the sobriquet of "Planes," the other by the nickname "Old Chips." For once received within those doors, you cease as utterly to have a name as far as your companions are concerned, as though you were enjoying open air and improving exercise at Portland, being invariably addressed by the style of your trade, or should two of one trade be present, by some facetiously appropriate nickname. Tea being over, and the tin pots removed, we leaned our elbows on the table for an hour's chat before prayers and bed, and each aired his pet grievance to any one who had good-nature and unselfishness enough to listen to it. One related, amidst breathless admiration, that a gentleman had bestowed on him three-and-sixpence, which on the morrow he intended to expend on a suit of clothes, "for no one," he added, as an axiom, "will give work to a man ill-dressed."

"Isn't three-and-sixpence rather cheap for a suit of clothes?" I inquired, timidly.

"For a new suit from a West End tailor it might be, young Inks (this in reference to my passing for a journeyman printer), but down at Petticoat-lane, or thereabouts, I could rig myself first class for three-and-six. A slap-up pair of kickles and a gum-stretcher, a paper collar and second or third-hand tie. Of course boxes would not be included. I'd have to manage them as best I could, and mine with a wiper of blacking would look first class." For the benefit of the uninitiated, I had, perhaps, better here explain that boxes mean boots, and that a gum-stretcher is a long coat, such as shall mask all deficiencies, rendering such an article as a waistcoat a superfluity. "Rich and rare were the togs he wore, and a brand-new box on each clump he bore," chimed in the maimed but frolicsome Irish day-labourer, who was in Tapleyan spirits, despite adverse conditions, forever singing favourite snatches of tunes, ingeniously adapted to suit circumstances.

"I say, Inks," sagely remarked the biscuit-baker, "you seem new to this sort of thing, and a refined sort. Take the advice of one who knows. Stand any hunger, and any thirst, and any privation, and any trouble, but never part

with your clothes. So sure as your clothes find their way into the pop-shop, so sure you will never get no work, never no more. That's my experience, anyways."

"When I sees gents rigged out in gloves and summer hats, and canes and that, it do make me so wild," grumbled another, with over-developed bald head, glistening with tightness of skin, as though he had water on the brain, and whose appearance and manners were rendered the more unpleasant by the complete absence of one eyebrow, from a burn, a lisp style of speech, weak watery eyes, and blood-thirsty proclivities. "I'd like to tear their gewgaws from their backs, I would."

"Darling Isabella, with her gingham umbrella," gently carolled the musical one.

"It's the unfairiest thing out," continued the revolutionary orator, with an indignant snort at the interruption, "the aristos pay no taxes, live on the fat of the land, and won't even touch us if they can help it. Looksee here, now. There's somewhere about three millions in London. About two thousand are tearing rich, curse 'em. About ten thousand are well to do, and all the rest, two millions, and more, are struggling against each other in the mud, tooth and nail, for bare life. Is that proper? Civil war's the only thing for us. Other countries have found that out, and we're a coming to it, too, let me tell yer. There are two many in the world, much too many in the town here. I'll go bail, Paris is the better for its burning. We must kill some of 'em off to make the equipoise right, as they call it, and the only way to do it legal is by civil war. Do a thing legal, and don't fear consequences. Hang the means, I say, it's the end as we want. Of course you and I may be among the killed, and so much the better for the rest. We must take our chance of that, and devil take the hindmost, say I. I'd dearly like to see blood flowing in them swell squares, I would, among them fine flaunting la-di-da ladies, with their mincing ways and trash. Ain't we better nor them?"

And the iconoclast mopped the water from his weak eyes, while his neighbour warbled in an undertone, "The la-di-da ladies to Old Harry are gone, in the ranks of death you'll find 'em."

"You're a fine lot, you are, to settle things," cried out another, who had been pencilling something on the bare table, "where would be my trade, but for the la-di-da ladies, and many other trade too? I'm a painter and decorator, and must earn my bread as well as you."

"Oh, hark to the artist!" they all laughed "and see what a beautiful thing he's been doing, as they crowded one over another to admire the work of art just sprung from his hand, which consisted of the royal arms, very fairly pencilled, as we see them engraved on bills, 'by special appointment to Her Majesty.'"

"I quite agree with 'Planes' there that something should be done," put in the Irish shoemaker. "See how we're moved on if we stand for a moment in the street. But the la-di-das may lounge before shop-windows all day. No one says nothing to them. And when we go into the country how we're stopped at every turn with questions, 'are we on the tramp, or have we means, and are we going to work; and if we sit down in a field to rest, why, we're had up for trespassing.'"

"Ah! the law of hospitality," thoughtfully sighed the biscuit-baker, "that's played out! In old times, as you might read in books, mates all, you stopped at a castle-door, and only had to blow a trumpet for people to give you food and ask you kindly to sit by the cheerful fire, and let you lie on a clean shakedown of fresh straw somewhere in a donjon-keep, whatever that may be, but we read of it in the *London Journal*. I'd like to know who'd do that now? You go and ask for a night's lodging, and see what'll happen. You'll get a month from the nearest magistrate, that's about what you'll get. We live in a beastly world, sure-lee."

But now the young gentleman neatly clad in black came in—the schoolmaster, whose business it is to coerce into respectability that batch of devilish urchins; and, arranging a homely desk and books, commanded us to stand for prayers. Two or three verses from the Psalms and a short prayer followed, and the schoolmaster left us to prepare for bed. This interested me much, as I had been counting again and again the hammocks coiled against the wall and could make out only eight. Seventeen into eight won't go. How were we going to manage? I puzzled my brains as with the pitfalls of mental arithmetic we used to be taught as boys. The lucky owners of the eight uncoiled them, fixed the two iron rods attached to the foot of each into sockets in the boards, steadied them with an arrangement of chains screwed into the floor, and drew from a corner a hideous heap of fetid rags, utterly worn-out, falling into gaping holes, disseminating a combination of evil odors with fever on their wings such as turned me for a moment sick and faint. A murmur became manifest among the seventeen.

"What! those old things again. The master promised us new ones. They are not fit for beasts, much less for Christian men."

"Very sorry, lads," said the superintendent, who never left us alone, but whistled and rattled his keys incessantly. "The master says they haven't come, so you must just do your best with the old ones for another night."

Those among us who had not hammocks were now shown our several sleeping-places on the floor, foot to foot, with the exception of myself, who being the new comer, was very properly given the worst place, being accordingly billeted half in the room, half on the damp bricks of the wash-house—a delightful spot, at

all events, one of varying flatness, with option of arranging head or feet upon the bricks at will, and a delicious draught from mysterious enclosures beyond, and a strong savor as of sinks from the water-works of the lavatory. Nothing to lie upon but a centaur arrangement of boards and bricks, aforesaid: one foul covering all but in shreds from rottenness, no pillow of any sort; verily, the kennelled dog fares better. Fortunately, I had brought an ancient rug of my own, which I rolled up to save my head from the cold ground. Not having been able to eat my bread at tea, and dreading a reprimand for wastefulness, I had secreted portions of it in my coat-pocket, the crust of which stuck into my back all night, shaping itself like a series of butterpats, with impressions of my vertebrae, as I dared not draw it from its ambush. One bivouacked on the table, one on an improvised couch of benches, the superintendent alone rejoicing in a real blanket and a pillow. They were all very kind to one another, poor fellows, arranging their pitiful rags so as to accommodate their neighbours to the least possible degree. Old Chips examined my own rug with great interest.

"Given to me by a kind gentleman," I said. "If I were you," he answered, "I'd put that away tidily. It's too good for here, though you might get something for it from a 'bus-driver, to-morrow. My! what a fine coat and waistcoat it would make! And I should take off all my clothes, doing them up in my handkerchief, and hanging them on a nail in order that they may not be infested by the morning. You know what I mean. It's always well to have one's clothes clean."

"In what am I to wrap myself, then?" I asked. "Surely not in this one wrapper, so foul and full of holes."

"There are two more spare ones there, which I dare say you can take, as you're the worst place. You'll see that all the rest undress, and I'd advise you to do the same."

Undress they did, poor creatures, and I wished that we, as well as the coverings, had been put through the ordeal of the bath. They coiled themselves up in their filthy drapery, like so many animals, their skins showing through its rents, their heads of the bare boards, a series of large molehills ranged round the walls—eleven molehills and seven occupants of hammocks in that stifling atmosphere with but the veriest chink of window open. The room being sunk below the level of the roadway, inquisitive passers-by could look in through the interval between glass and wall. Our neighborhood not being particularly high bred, and being rather given to broad stentorian badinage, it is apparently one of the pet amusements of choice sparks to crane in their heads at auspicious moments, with uncomplimentary remarks on the "Refugees" and showers of orange-peel. Rude street boys well posted in the hours, clustered on railings and window-sill as ten was striking, dispensing shafts of satire with liberal hand, until, as glass became in jeopardy from reckless highlows, our superintendent gave the dreadful order to close the window fast, and I turned upon my bricks and groaned aloud. What was to become of us by morning, with our shortcomings in the way of soaps, the lowliness of our room, and other drawbacks? True there was a slit or two in the ceiling, of which one man casually remarked that "by five a.m. the air up there would burn blue," but to render the apartment the least wholesome the whole fronting of the room would need removal. At last all were undressed, running like savages in and out, upsetting over my prostrate body in the doorway, and finally, turning down the gas till it made darkness barely visible, commenced a running fire of chaff and chat. No sleep for us as yet. A privileged hammock occupant would catch up his coverings suddenly, whisking nauseous savors into a contiguous nose. He of the acubia leaf aspect would rush in casually, announcing that he had only one wall to finish, and wanted but a trifle "more stuff." Bones would rasp against the boards, causing their owners to wince and groan, to turn and toss with muttered cursings. Meanwhile the feeble light flickered unsteadily over the uncertain masses of human beings lying like some Dante group paying the anguished penalty of insouciance, and the superintendent, amid attempts at sleep, admonished chatters with growls to "let the lads take rest."

Rest indeed! as though such an idea were anything but ridiculous when combined with squalid filth, poisonous air, absence of all incentive to repose, hacking coughs, groans and snores, bodies in pain, and mind consequently undergoing imaginary torments. No wonder that all preferred to talk, forgetting in coarse anecdotes their bodily sufferings. Old Chips had been a soldier, and had seen war, and had brought back with him highly-spiced recollections, with which he favored us at unnecessary length, interrupted at times by a chorus of remarks, now incredulous, now appreciative, from his audience.

"You just hold your tongues, men, and don't jabber." This from the superintendent. "Best sleep whilst you may. You'll all be up at work at five, or I'll know the reason why."

"One moment," cried the whitewasher. "Hi, you, shoemaker; will do a job for me in the morning? See, I've got an awl and a bit of wax. I want this shoe made ship-shape."

"Will you hold your tongue, and let the boys sleep?"

"One minute, Chalks. Have you got a job? Will they have room for me? No? Well, no matter; better luck by-and-by."

"He who cleans without any pay will live to engage journeymen on some other occasion."

This chaunted through a chink in a rug, by the Tapleyan laborer.

"Silence! or I'll call the Governor through the speaking-tube. And then you had best look out all. Short commons, and no going out on Sundays."

And so they gabbled and jabbered without ceasing, with many a toss and groan, rebuked at intervals, and spittings and coughings without end. And when they did mimic sleep at last, what a mockery of rest it was! The devilish brats in the dormitory above sent forth whiffs of discordant sound every now and then, accompanied by scurrying and pattering of naked feet. They yelled, and jeered, and sang, stopped abruptly for an instant, after a muffled harangue from some one, only to burst out fitfully into renewed gibings, to be temporarily bottled up again, like very obstreperous ginger-beer. Belated urchins flattened their noses, after a tussle with rail spikes, against the window, suddenly to vanish, pulled down from behind, their untimely discomfiture being celebrated by a loud warwhoop and dirge of defeat. Carts tore past the building, shaking it to its foundations, on their way to the great Cattle Market; trains shrieked wildly a notice of their coming, as though a monotony of accidents had given them a remorse unknown to their directors; horses struggled to save themselves from falling on the unctuous pavement, lest they should perish and incontinently be transferred to skewers for the benefit of a colony of cats expressing their radical views close by with unmusical energy; women screamed the shady details of each other's lives for the delectation of admiring friends; babies howled and babbled, drivers gee-hopped, the very stones seemed endowed with a distinct clatter of their own; and in the midst of this discordant Sabbath of never-sleeping streets we were expected to woo the poppy-god, praying him to grant us strength for the morrow's conflict with unpropitious Fate.

The clock hanging opposite ticked tranquilly meanwhile, the molehills surged and turned, muttered imprecations hovered in the air, wailets of hard breathing ebbed and flowed, a sighing sea of numbed but yet protesting human struggle against relentless, hard-pursuing disappointment. Five o'clock.

"Now lads, will you get up? Will you get up, I say, or must I summon the master through the tube? Come, come, tumble up, or we shall be late with work. Remember, no work, no breakfast, and no more stopping here."

Grey dawn groped its way through the clouded casement, lighting up a wild group, that might have been snatched from some savage encampment away in Africa, save that there the winds of heaven would be allowed to play at will. Each molehill with infinite labor was delivered of its occupant, totally unclad, unkempt, unshorn, never washed, fearful to look upon by light of day. A groan, a murmur, a grunt, a general scratching of heads, and the crew of outcasts had stretched their unsavory forms, had somehow struggled into tattered remnants of what had once been shirts, and pitch-forked vile apologies for coats upon their shoulders, and without the use of water, completed their attire by donning their shapeless hats. Hammocks in a trice were rolled away, the filthy rugs hastily tossed into corners, and the superintendent, with the assistance of a slate, proceeded to select for each the work wherewith he should pay back the hospitality vouchsafed for him.

"Shoemaker, Laborer, Biscuits, and Inks to go down and serve the saw, Planes to work the same; the rest to clean up the Institute."

"How wonderful incongruous is all this," I thought. "What is the use of playing at brightening up the Institute, when its inhabitants and their coverings are so very foul? Yet another example of whited sepulchres, though the fairness in this case is not ambitiously white. First polish up the exterior of the inmates, their beds and clothing, and then employ the superfluity of energy for walls and floor. Attend to drains, moreover, and flow water, and above all, give passage to the outer air, and this charity, founded with the very best intentions, will become less a trap for fever and disease."

"On Sundays, good young men from city houses flock hither in their best frock coats, and most immaculate neck-ties, and preach and exhort, and read good books all day long. Would the proceeding not savor a trifle less of cant, were they, instead, to see that the broken beds were made good, the worn-out hammocks mended, the lavatory rendered wholesome, the fetid rugs renewed? But then they would be deprived of the satisfaction of hearing their own voices high upraised in solemn admonition, which is a very great satisfaction indeed to amateur apostles."

"What is that?" fiercely demanded the irascible son of Crispin. "Rub down walls and floors? I won't. I don't know how, and don't intend to learn. Scrubbing, indeed, on bended knees too! That's woman's work. I'm a man. Give me man's work to do. I'll go and serve the saw."

"You'll do what you're told, or you don't go out to-day, but shall be set to watch the youngsters."

"Murder, and I won't do that indeed; that's too hard work."

"Now, men, go down to the saw."

I followed the others with misgivings, consequently on gibing whispers from the baker to the effect that "the wheel would test my muscularity."

Through the boys' ward we went, where the urchins were already busy chopping squares of wood into faggots, which littered the floor in

heaps, to be done up into bundles for sale, and hawked about the streets as the morning tale of work for lads. We meanwhile passed on, down ladders into the bowels of the earth, where in a close cellar a great wheel stood, furnished with iron bars for handles, the object of which was the turning of a circular saw for the preparation of faggot wood. Planes went silently to his post, we did the same, two to each handle, grinding heavily for two weary hours, with one interval of rest, monotonously curving back and forcing the dead weight up and down in the stifling hole, rendered still less agreeable by escaping gas. After a while we all perspire freely, and I cannot help wondering at myself, buried in this oven, turning with might and main in company with a dock laborer who tries not unsuccessfully to shift all his work on me. "He sawed her through in youthful prime," carolled the vocalist meanwhile, softly, in general encouragement. "Heave on, my lads; this must be mighty like Portland."

Presently Biscuits breaks down, complaining of want of air, with an apology that he is unused to the work. "Indeed," he adds, "this perpetual canvassing for employment, and finding none, makes one too listless and discouraged to work hard. Besides, we never get a proper amount of rest here, what with the dirt and the unnecessary discomfort. I'm hagged if I do any more; that's flat."

The happy thought struck us to make a raid amongst the goblins above, which we accordingly did, setting five to each wheel handle as an experiment, speedily desisting, however, as, not content with performing no labor themselves, they skipped up and down in devilish glee, essaying to cut through the wheel-strap, tumbling the wood heaps upon our shins, pelting us with sharp splinters, scampering meanwhile in and out until we were fain to drive them all upstairs again, marvelling at the life which must be endured by the pale gentlemen who read prayers last night. A bell sounds. Morning drudgery is over. Prayers and breakfast, and then off we shall all sally in pursuit of "the job," that Fata Morgana who delights in mocking all these weary creatures. Long prayers, extempore, by the Governor in the great white-washed schoolroom at the top of the building. The urchins pinch each other to elicit howls which they cleverly proceed to drown with coughs. On the entrance of the Governor they rise and shout genially. "Good morning, Sir," with admirable unanimity, which is as speedily changed to derisive pantomime so soon as he turns his back to mount the steps of the reading desk. The superintendent cuffs them into order surreptitiously, in return for which display of discipline they make hideous faces, at him, accompanied by gestures indicative of hatred, ridicule, revenge, and triumph, the while they are singing with rich fresh voices the morning hymn from the Prayer Book. "Suffer little children to come unto me;" "a lying lip is an abomination to the Lord;" and like Bible maxims frown at them from every wall, but on they sing, nevertheless, like guileless machines, but as vicious looking a set of brazen ragamuffins as ever matriculated for Newgate.

Down stairs again to the common dormitory, as foul with closed windows as ever. Coffee in tin mugs, or rather, let us say, water infused with a soupçon of chicory-dust, great pieces of excellent new bread, a calling over of names, and marking attendance in ledgers by the Governor's dignified offspring, and lo! the outer door is opened, a gush of London fog steals in, so little sullied by carbonic acid, in comparison with the air we have been breathing for fourteen hours, as to seem laden with gales direct from Heaven, and then the sodden, blighted sal-low representatives of labor trudge forth once more to seek work high and low through the vast maze of streets, to offer north and south, and east and west, the muscular force of their willing arms to the dapper gentry with smooth faces, who will shake their heads and raise their eye-brows, playfully remarking that our markets are overstocked.

WONDERS OF WEDLOCK.

The philosophy of domestic history involves many a problem in real life that would be scouted as extravagantly impracticable in fiction, and the peculiarly facile genius of social and legal institutions in the United States seems notably favorable to the development of such curiosities. Thus, a jury in Portland, Me., has recently disagreed, and thereby necessitated a new trial, in a case of alleged mistaken identity, the parties to which are a gentleman who claims another person's wife as his own, and the lady who firmly and indignantly denies that she ever even saw the claimant before. Mrs. Waite, wife of a highly respectable citizen of that name, is the lady in question, and the claimant of her marital allegiance, who is from another part of the country, persists that he once married and was deserted by her, and brings letters and witnesses in proof thereof. She, on the contrary, is sustained by husband, children, old friends and acquaintances, in utterly denying all knowledge of the man, and as the disagreement of the jury shows, the evidence on both sides is so strong as to baffle the average of human sagacity to decide the astounding problem.

But yet more surprising are the anomalous legal complications of a case in San Bernardino, California, of which the following are the chief facts: In 1872, an Englishman named Oades

came thither from Australia and purchased a farm in Temescal township; representing that he had experienced bitter domestic bereavement and pecuniary loss in the land whence he came, and exhibiting great despondency of spirit in consequence. In January of the following year he wooed and won a comely and highly respectable widow of San Bernardino named Foreland, but not without having given her the tragic history of his past errors. About six years before he had been a thrifty farmer in Wellington County, New Zealand, on the frontiers of the seditious Maori country. During his absence from home one day, on a short journey of business, while his wife and several children were alone in the house, a band of savage Maoris devastated the place, and left the buildings in smoking ruins. Upon his return he found only heaps of smouldering embers and ashes in the place where the homestead had stood; and charred human fragments in the dreadful wreck left him no hope but that his whole family had been butchered by the pitiless destroyers. It seemed, indeed, barely possible at first that some of the victims had been carried off captive; but weeks, months, and even years of pitiful waiting and inquiring never sustained the possibility. At last the inconsolable man had gathered together what little worldly substance was left to him, and emigrated to California, and now told the story of his calamities to her whom he besought to be his second wife. Thus Mrs. Foreland knew what Oades had suffered before she gave him her hand in wedlock, and needed no further information from him when, in a year after the marriage—or only a few weeks ago—the first Mrs. Oades and three children arrived at the farm in search of husband and parent! The woman and the little ones had been made prisoners, instead of killed, by the Maoris; the human remains found in the smoking ruins were those of savages who were slain by each other in a fight for the spoils; and, after a captivity of years, the hapless Mrs. Oades and her children had finally been released, and followed their natural protector to California.

Upon hearing the piteous tale from the poor wanderers, Oades and his second wife were of one mind about what to do in the matter. They would not relinquish their own union, for it had been entered into in perfect good faith on both sides, and was justified by the mutual devotion it had developed; but the desolate new-comers must be received into the house as legitimate members of the family, and receive all the amends that could possibly be made for their anomalous condition.

Not so, though, decided the good people of San Bernardino, who, on being frankly told of the domestic situation, insisted that there must be a divorce to accommodate affairs to civilized form. As neither Oades nor either of the Mrs. Oades would move in the matter, the public prosecuting attorney was constrained to institute legal proceedings. And then began the judicial perplexities of the problem. According to the *Los Angeles Express*, the husband was first sued for retaining the woman from Australia under his roof. He proved that she was his lawful wife, and the suit was abandoned. A suit was then brought against him for unlawfully living with wife number two. He was acquitted under the law, which declares that "the marriage of a person having a husband or wife living is void, unless such former husband or wife living was absent and not known to such person to be living for five years immediately preceding such subsequent marriage—in which case the subsequent marriage is void only from the time its nullity is adjudged by a proper tribunal." He was then prosecuted for bigamy, but the law provides that "no person shall be held guilty of bigamy whose husband or wife has been absent for five successive years without being known to such person as being living." So he again escaped. A fourth suit was finally brought to dissolve the second marriage. That failed because not brought by one of the interested parties. They were appealed to, but refused to take action. At a public meeting of the now fairly frantic citizens it was proposed to petition the Legislature to pass a special act dissolving Oades's last marriage. But Oades, who was present, immediately arose to address the meeting, and told them that that was no go, for by the twentieth section of the fourth article of the Constitution of California it is expressly provided that "no divorce shall be granted by the Legislature." As Oades produced the book itself, this argument was unanswerable. It was then proposed that the Legislature should be petitioned to call a constitutional convention for the purpose of annulling one or the other of Oades's marriages; but Oades produced the Constitution of the United States and read the tenth section of the first article which expressly provides that "No State * * * shall pass any law * * * impairing the obligation of contracts," "and marriages," he said, "was well settled to be a contract, and therefore no earthly power could deprive him of his vested right in his two wives." And thus the case stands at present—one of the most remarkable examples of legal and social contradiction ever known in a civilized country.

RECENTLY a lively Irish journalist, while travelling to Wicklow, fell in with a lively young lady to whom he made himself very agreeable. Of course he made an impression upon the damsel, who said, at parting, "Good-bye; I fear you'll soon be forgetting me." The journalist readily responded, "Faith, if I was not a married man already, you may be sure I'd be for getting you."

CLEAN.

BY EMILY PFEIFFER.

"He that is washed, needeth not
 save to wash his feet, but is clean
 every whit."—JOHN XIII, 10.

"He that is washed needs but to wash his feet,
 And he is wholly clean. What words are
 these!

So hard, so dark, they warn us from the beat
 Of outward sense, and bid us rise to seize
 Some ray of light flashed downward from the
 sun
 Of truth, eternal as the truthful One.

"He that is washed needs but to wash his feet;
 His comings and his goings must be clean,
 His path still pure adown life's crowded
 street,

His track upon its mire and slime unseen.
 Few are too weak or vile to purge their walk;
 Our Master did not mock us in his talk.

"He bade us do the thing we could—no more;
 Be heedful of our outward ways and deeds.
 Watch well our feet—that so He might out-
 pour

His spirit for our spirits' inward needs:
 Till we in Sabbath rest and peace shall sit,
 And hear his words, "Clean are ye every
 whit."

A Pilgrimage to the Sanctuaries of St. Francis.

I.

The moon hung her bright lamp high over the city of *Il Serafico*, as we wended our way thither from the railway station. A silvery haze enveloped the landscape in a mysterious veil. All nature was hushed; the only signs of life abroad were the glinting fire-flies that flashed their brilliancy athwart the feathery fields of maize.

Suddenly we heard the low murmur of many voices; a bar of light lay across our road. It proceeded from the open door of a little wayside chapel, which was crowded to the very threshold with the poor contadini, who, after a hard day's field-work, were resting themselves by saying the rosary of the month of Mary at the *Spedaliccio*.

When St. Francis was carried in a dying state from Assisi to his favorite Santa Maria degli Angeli, it was at this leper-hospital, where he had often tended the wretched inmates, that he told his bearers to halt and turn his face towards his beloved birthplace. There, raising his hands, he prayed aloud for God to bless Assisi; for that hence would issue many champions of the holy faith. On the front of the little chapel is still to be seen a fresco, representing the saint with uplifted hands in the act of blessing. Looking now in the same direction, we see the fortress-crowned hill and city, probably with much the same distant aspect as in his day, except that there were fewer campaniles then, and the glorious *Sacro Convento* was not yet conceived. Now it is the one object that attracts the eye, and thrills the soul with pious memories of the millions of pilgrims whose hearts bowed down with holy joy at the sight of those serried arches that buttress round a mausoleum worthy of one of the greatest reformers the world ever saw. Yet, after studying the life of the saint, one cannot help feeling that this sepulchre was not the one St. Francis would have chosen for himself. By some hystriographers we are told that, out of humility, the saint desired to be buried near the spot, because the jutting hill was called the "Devil's Neck," and was the place where malefactors were executed; others say the edifice was erected here because, when Pope Gregory IX. gave orders for a splendid church to be built in honor of the holy saint, this was the most eligible site that could be found near the city.

The vast structure looks most imposing from the country; the great church seems enshrined amid the mass of conventual buildings, and the lofty bell-tower lifts its beacon head proudly over all. In an artistic sense, no church in the world can compete with San Francesco; its walls were covered over with pictured scenes from his life by the pioneers of painting; many are ruined by neglect and damp, but enough still remain to form a precious museum for the edification and instruction of modern artists.

There are both interior and exterior stairs leading from the upper to the under church; the declivity of the mountain, on which the buildings stand, being so abrupt as to admit of all three churches having entrances from the terraced hill. The middle church, though obscurely lighted, has an unspeakably beautiful aspect in the perspective of its gloomy aisles; its great altar is jealously shut-in with high railing of antique iron tracery. It was beneath this altar that the remains of St. Francis were found in the year 1818. Incredible as it may appear, that though during his short career more than ten thousand disciples had entered his order; and that even during his life pilgrims came from afar to visit his hermitage, and that this church was built expressly in his honor and for his sepulchre, his remains having been removed there, in great pomp about eighteen years after his death,—yet for more than six hundred

years the exact spot of his burial-place was only conjectured. Many attempts had been made from time to time to discover it; some presuming it was under the altar of the upper church; still, the constant tradition always pointed to that of the lower.

In 1818 the last excavations were made, and carried on for twenty nights. They quarried through the foundations of solid masonry, and at last came to a plain square massive stone coffin. Piercing a hole through the thick slab, they could perceive human remains, and concluded they had arrived at the object of their search. Above the lid, and soldered to it, was a heavy grating of iron. This was detached, and several savans, doctors, &c. were called upon to certify to the character of these remains. They judged them to be the bone of a man, but nothing was found to prove that these were the remains of the saint; but the circumstance of the situation coinciding with the tradition, and the security with which the sarcophagus was imbedded with the solid earth, led to that conclusion.

Some old coins, much defaced, were found close to the body; also a few beads, which might be some of the rosary invented by his friend St. Dominic.

The precious remains were carefully enshrined in a double casket, and when the present crypt was excavated, partly from the foundations of the upper churches and partly from the native rock, care was taken to leave the coffin untouched, and itself and the masonry in which it is imbedded visible. As soon as the crypt was finished, with solemn procession the relics were carried through Assisi, once more deposited in their resting-place, and therein secured with three locks; the key of one being kept by the pope, of another by the general of the order, and of the third by the superior of the convent.

The great convent, capable of giving roomy habitation to 1200 monks, and on a pinch to perhaps as many more, now shelters only twelve of its former inmates; two for three more are allowed to dwell there by paying rent for their rooms—these are situated in an off wings of the buildings. So the great refectory, with corresponding kitchens close at hand, where, no doubt, many a savoury mess was concocted on festival-days, no longer resound to the clinking of platters, or the sonorous voice of the *frate lettore*.

Dismally echo our solitary footsteps along the endless corridors of the dormitories. We peep into some of the cells, and find them large airy rooms opening on balconies that command an extensive view of the Umbrian valleys, with town-speckled mountains in the distance. The refectories beneath us also open on a wide cloistered loggia that runs round nearly the whole building. There are three or four interior square cloisters besides—one, I fancy, that is rarely seen by strangers; and the most picturesque of all is, or was, the *Campo Santo*. But the quiet beauty of the verdant shade, if possible, increases the painful impression made by seeing ricks of skulls and dead-men's bones piled up against the walls; some skeletons entire, others minus this part or that; others clothed with a leathery substance that once was flesh and blood; scraps of shrouds, of hair, of ribbon, thrown pell-mell on the heap. Such disregard for the remains of the "faithful departed," of those "we have loved and lost," must produce the reverse of a salutary effect on humanity in general. Many are the saints and *fratres* martyrs who have never been canonised. We might at least so far respect their remains as to let them lie quietly in their graves.

II.

An iron-shod alpenstock was the pilgrim's staff that aided our weary limbs on the rugged road to the Carceri, or primitive hermitage, where St. Francis was wont to retire to meditate in solitude.

The way was long, the mountain steep—a real stony mountain; not like those blooming Switzer hills, where plateaux of flower-decked meadows are terraced one above the other. Here were no "purling streams," no mossy bowers, no pines, no meadows: a barren mountain—fruitless, flowerless.

The day was dark and sultry. The valley beneath, clothed with glossy mulberry, trailing vine, and silvery olive, steamed with a grayish mist. On turning a shoulder of the mountain, below us we saw the gorge of a mountain torrent. Its friendly sides gave shelter to a grove of trees still glad some with the tender hues of spring. We pass through a doorless gateway, and after some hundred yards, in answer to our ring, the door of the hermitage is opened to us.

We enter a small paved court, and Fra Rocco welcomes us to the Carceri. To give a pen-and-ink picture of the establishment is impossible. It is just a few bricks and mortar fastened on the face of an almost perpendicular rock, to help out the original refuge of St. Francis in the natural rock itself. Before us is a very small dingy chapel hollowed in the rock. Over the altar is a miraculous image of our Saviour on the cross. The good frate told us that he himself had witnessed prodigies performed in its presence. A few steps below is another little chapel, where is preserved an extremely ancient picture of the Madonna and Child; the same that was cherished by St. Francis himself. Down again some steep and narrow steps cut in the rock we come to the oratory of the saint, and see the stone on which he slept. It is now protected by an iron rail, placed there by St.

Bernardino di Stenna. Over the altar is the wooden crucifix St. Francis always carried on his person. Many wonderful legends are told of all these images, very touching and beautiful, but which, luckily for some, are not articles of faith.

How appropriate is the name *carcere*, or prison! Few prisons, let us hope, are as damp, as dismal, as gloomy. Yet so natural and primitive are they, that, oblivious of the lapse of six hundred years, the mind easily pictures to itself "Il Serafico" rapt in ecstasy in this dim dungeon.

Passing through a cleft of the rock, we stand on a ledge, and see before us the identical flex-tree to whose warbling inmates St. Francis is said to have preached his famous sermon. A circuitous path leads to the other grottoes, where the disciples of "Il Serafico," after discovering his retreat, insisted on sharing his solitude. These cells are fissures or ledges of rock; such as that of St. Kevin and others nearer home. Our simple-minded guide makes us quite familiar with the stories of brothers Elia, Egidio, &c.

In contrast to the burning mountain-side, the air here in this ravine is cool, almost chilly. Beautiful wild-flowers grow on the mossy banks. As I gather some, Fra Rocco told me that when Monsignor Wiseman (pronounced Vissman) visited the Carceri many years ago, the frate was surprised to see him take out his knife and dip up the flower-roots, and asked him why he did it. Monsignor Wiseman answered that he would plant the roots in pots, and carry them with him to England; for that the ground in which they had grown was *terra santa*.

In truth a holy repose and sanctity dwells in this spot, imbued with hallowed memories.

Many yards beneath us, in the very bed of the mountain torrent, was planted a garden of lettuce. We wondered at the imprudence of planting them where the first heavy shower of rain must necessarily carry them all away.

"O," said Fra Rocco, "that is the most wonderful thing of all! Above us you may perceive how the mountains converge together into a funnel-shape, so that, naturally, this torrent is the only outlet for all the water that falls from them. Well, the loud raging of this torrent used to disturb the meditations of St. Francesco and his followers so much, that he prayed to God to stop its flowing. From that hour to this no water ever runs in this channel except on the eve of some great demonstration of God's anger. So sure is it, that we have orders to send word immediately to the holy father in Rome, who gets prayers offered up in all the churches. The last time it rushed down, carrying all before it, was in 1853; and before that, in 1832. On one occasion it was the forerunner of the cholera which broke out in these provinces, to which numbers of the inhabitants fell victims. Close following the other occasion came a terrible earthquake that destroyed many churches and buildings, though few lives were lost."

"But, mio padre, where does all the rain that falls on these mountains escape to?"

With a shrug of the shoulders: "Eh! chi lo sa? It goes into the ground, and there's an end to it."

After a refreshing drink from the holy well, much pleased with our visit to the prisons, we took leave of our amiable guide, who seemed the happiest of the happy in his solitary den.

III.

How long after the death of St. Francis his followers adhered literally to his precept and practice of holy poverty, it is hard to say; but, to have an idea of what that poverty was, carried out *au pied de la lettre*, one must visit the little convent of St. Damiano, lying away beyond the town of Assisi, in a nook of the hill-side. This was the convent founded by St. Clare and her sister St. Agnes, two rich young virgins, who, inspired by the preaching of St. Francis, adopted the rules of his order, received the veil at St. Mary of the Angels, and established themselves here, where they soon had many followers.

We are shown the choir, with its original seats and kneeling-boards, than which nothing can be harder, or plainer, or poorer; the dormitory, where the nuns slept on pallets laid on the floor; the refectory, with its groined ceiling, dark with the smoke of centuries—precious in artistic eyes for its Rembrandtish tints of golden brown. Padre Felice points out to us that the seats, with wooden backs high against the wall, are those of St. Clare's time; but that the tables had been removed or mended, but always in the same form. He says the refectory has been in daily use ever since; and we see on the bare boards three mugs, platters, &c. for the few inmates that are left.

In the poor little church is preserved with great veneration the crucifix from which issued the command: "Go, Francesco, and rebuild my church!" which order Francesco receiving literally, went back to his father's house, to a quantity of plate, linen, &c., sold them, and brought the proceeds to the Augustinian monks who then inhabited the convent. The monks refusing the money procured in this manner, he threw the purse in through the window and ran away.

In after-times this injunction to St. Francis was understood in a spiritual sense; for abuses he was destined to reform had crept in and cast obloquy on the holy church. We may still see the famous fresco, in the upper church of the *Sacro Convento*, that represents the saint exerting all his strength to support the Vatican, which is falling to pieces.

From San Miano, as the Assisians call it, to Gli Angeli, it is a good long walk on a hot summer's day; a short cut across the fields was most desirable. Kind Padre Felice came down the road to put us in the right track. Just as we were saying a "few last words," a beggar-woman, who had followed us in the hopes of a *mezzo baiocco*, cried out, "*Il serpe!*" and crossing the road to close where we stood, came the huge creature, or what appeared as such to our unaccustomed eyes. It was fully a yard and a half long and thick in proportion, and surely was not an ugly object, with its glossy skin and brilliant speckles. Still, its evil repute and the silent swiftness with which it writhed across the dusty road, transfixed us with horror. Not a pleasant introduction that to a ramble through corn-furrows. Some way on we asked a farmer, were there many serpents in the fields. He answered: Not many, but that we had better keep to the road as soon as we came to it; a piece of advice we followed with implicit confidence.

The church of Santa Maria degli Angeli seems capacious enough to embosom the multitudes of pilgrims that used to throng its aisles each year on the 2d of August. Under the dome stands the little church that is quite large enough to accommodate the ordinary congregation. The walls of this sanctuary are left in their integral simplicity, except where the gables are painted, one by Perugino, the other by Overbeck, his modern German imitator.

If one may say so, the whole life of St. Francis is contained in this oratory. It was his favorite house of prayer, and the spot where he was favored with many visions. As we entered, a young monk was saying mass at the altar, who might be taken for "Il Serafico" himself—so mortified was his countenance, so pious his demeanor. As St. Francis was one night praying in this chapel feeling much comforted in spirit, he was suddenly seized with compassion for the rest of mankind less favored than he, and he prayed to God to have mercy on his people; and in memory of the great peace that had fallen on himself, that God would grant the same to others, and that for this purpose he would accord a general pardon to all who at a certain season should visit this little church, having previously worthily received the sacraments of penance and the eucharist. The pope being at Perugia at the time, St. Francis went to him and obtained from him the bull of the plenary indulgence given to the faithful who fulfil the above conditions on the 2d of August. This was the origin of the renowned *perdono* of Assisi, to which tens of thousands of pilgrims flocked each year from the uttermost bounds of Christendom. The Italian government have discontinued such assemblages for the last few years.

Of the original habitations of St. Francis and his disciples, nothing now remains; indeed, they were often only huts made with boughs of trees. A little chapel is built over the spot where the great reformer breathed his last; and at some distance is another, built over a sort of cellar, where he slept.

It is recorded that on one occasion, being troubled with temptations of the flesh, he threw himself on a bed of brambles, but the brambles suddenly changed into blooming roses; and close by we gathered a bouquet from the descendants of those same roses, which never bear a thorn!

STOP THAT.

One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, and a recent commentator adds doesn't care. It seems incredible that the practices our correspondent urges shall be discontinued can exist, but we give the "farmer's wife" a hearing.

Stop putting lard into your butter; if we must eat hog's fat, pray give it to us pure and not mixed with rancid butter.

Girl, stop dipping your fingers in the bucket of milk and wetting the cow's teats; of all dirty habits this is the worst.

Wives, stop setting your cream jar in the family living room to make the cream sour.

Husbands, stop hanging your socks on that same cream jar to dry over night.

Women, stop putting your butter in the back bed-room to stay till you are ready to go to market.

Ladies, stop holding your noses when you go into your cellars to attend to your milk. You might as well smell the rat and the mold as to eat it daily in your butter and cream.

Women, stop telling fibs when you take your butter to the store. Did anybody ever know a woman to sell butter over a week old? Stop coloring your butter with anatto, and then asking folks if they can't taste the blue grass in it. If you will stop all these things the next time I write I shall tell you something pretty.

THE WRONG PLACE.—Anna Brewster, writing from Rome, says: "A Protestant gentleman inquired for the Protestant Church last Sunday, and was directed outside the Porta del Popolo. There he went, and looked round for the church. Seeing '*Spaccio di Vino*' over a door, he said to himself, 'Ah! that must be the place. I suppose *Spaccio di Vino* means Divine Space, a very pretty title. Who but Italians would have thought of it?' He entered, and to his surprise found himself in a wine garden. Hereafter he will understand enough Italian to know that *Spaccio di Vino* means 'wine shop.'"

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

NONE OF MY BUSINESS.—A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That's none of my business," said the king. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," said he, "is none of your business."

A YOUNG REPRESENTATIVE.—The youngest man in the United States House of Representatives is Lynch, the colored member from Mississippi. He was a slave at Natchez until the Union army entered that town, and had no education then. He is but twenty-six years old.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.—The most novel and ingenious plan of giving children castor-oil is, we think, that practised by the physicians of a children's hospital in Paris, to which 300 tiny loaves of bread are daily sent, each containing a medium of the oil, which in this form is perfectly palatable and thoroughly disguised.

BECAUSE MY FATHER WAS.—"I say, old fellow, what are your politics?" asked a witty Aberdeen man, quizzing another. "Conservative; my father was Conservative," he replied. "And what is your religion?" continued the other. "Protestant; my father was a Protestant," was the answer. "And why are you a bachelor?" said the other. "Because my father was a—O, confound it! don't bother me with your stupid questions."

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.—The wedding anniversary celebrations occur as follows: Three days, Sugar; sixty days, Vinegar; 1st anniversary, Iron; 5th anniversary, Wooden; 10th anniversary, Tin; 15th anniversary, Crystal; 20th anniversary, China; 25th anniversary, Silver; 30th anniversary, Cotton; 35th anniversary, Linen; 40th anniversary, Woolen; 45th anniversary, Silk; 50th anniversary, Golden; 75th anniversary, Diamond.

A SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.—The sixteenth amendment is now in order. The New Hampshire convention of Republicans recently resolved that the time has come for looking the woman question square in the face, and the committee of the present Ohio constitutional convention have just reported an article to confer the right of suffrage upon women, the article to be submitted to a separate vote of the people. If the existing ballot holders object, we suppose it will be in order for Congress to drag them into submission.

TELEGRAPHY IN SCHOOLS.—To the Rev. W. D. Parish, vicar of Selmeaton, Sussex, belongs the credit of first successfully introducing and teaching telegraphy in a country school. The children have been examined by Sir James Carmichael and by officials from the Post Office, who speak of it as successful. The Telegraphic Department have lent them a printer and one-needle instruments, and the children learn very quickly. The new Postmaster-General has expressed his approval.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The President met Susan B. Anthony by accident on the Avenue the other day, in company with another member of her suffrage convention, and quite a conversation took place. At length the President asked Miss Anthony if there was anything he could do for her. Miss A. replied she thought his request came pretty late. She had stumped New York State for the President in the last election, and then in trying to vote for him some of his officers had arrested and put her in jail. She was now at large without help, and she did not know what there was left to do; but if the President was really in earnest in desiring to do something for her, he might please nominate Mrs. Cady Stanton for Chief Justice. The President laughed and said he would think the matter over, and continued his walk.

A HISTORICAL HALL.—A Washington correspondent says: "The old Hall of Representatives is gradually becoming the property of small-fry merchants. There you can purchase cigars, chewing tobacco, stereoscopic views, rattle-boxes, necklaces, rubber rings for teething babies, fans, paper weights, and curiosities from Niagara transformed into *souvenirs* of Washington. One day Mr. Moses Levi was seen lost in silent contemplation in the centre of the hall. His sharp rat-looking eyes stared out eagerly from either side of his beak nose, as if resting upon some object dearer than a note bearing twenty per cent. What pleased him so? Was it the almost speaking model of the lamented Lincoln, or the statue of the father of our country? Not at all, for suddenly he exclaimed, 'Oh, vot a splendid place, my tear, for an auction of cheap clothing!'"

AN OLD DISEASE.—We have had many examples of fasting girls. There is an older disease however, than voluntary fasting—a malady called hunger, which may be seen at work in many of our great cities. There is an old woman in a hospital in Italy, who is suffering from a very acute form of this disease. She every day eats at least five portions of roast meat, seventy eggs, fourteen loaves, a quantity of fish and other food, of course including a good quantity of macaroni. When attempts are made to reduce her diet she raves like a mad woman. An eminent professor has recently undertaken to cure the poor woman, but up to the present time her appetite remains unimpaired. Supposing her appetite increases? The prices of "loaves and fishes" must certainly go up in Italy.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE PERUVIAN TABLE.—"The Peruvians, in eating," writes a correspondent, "use a knife quite as often as a fork, and the fingers more than either. One of their peculiar customs at the table deserves especial

mention. If there be any little delicacy on their plates—a bit of the breast of a fowl, a tender morsel of turkey, any little dainty that is inviting—it is a very delicate compliment to a person sitting next to you at the table to take up this "morceau" in your thumb and finger, and place it in that person's mouth from your own fingers. I have often seen a young Peruvian gallant pick up a bit of chicken or a small piece of game, and convey it with his fingers into the mouth of the leading belle, although the fingers may drip with gravy, or (if it be preserved fruit) the juice may run down his wrist. It is the most delicate compliment; and any one refusing the donor the eating of these finger-bits would commit an unpardonable insult."

BEECHER ON NOVELS.—Beecher in a recent lecture said, "If any young people want to know my opinion about novels and stories, my opinion is this—use fiction as you would spices in your diet. No man takes a quart of cloves, nor exhausts the cruet, at a single meal. These things may be used with moderation to season one's food with, but they are not to be used alone; and so fictions, while they are not to be resorted to exclusively, may be used with discretion to season life with. If you find that using them brings you back to duty with more alacrity, with more cheer, and with more aptitude; if you find that it makes you better in your relations to your fellow men, then it does not hurt you, and you are at liberty to use them; but if you find that using them makes you morose; if you find that it inclines you to run into a hole that you may get away from your fellow men; if you find that it makes you unkind, disobliging, and selfish—then you may be sure that whether it injures any body else or not, it injures you."

THE ITALIAN CHILD TRAFFIC.—Correspondents of English journals write from Rome concerning the attempts of the Italian government to put a stop to the infamous traffic in poor children, who are stolen, or bought for small sums of money, and employed in various parts of the globe as organ-grinders, beggars, etc. A bill has been brought before the Italian Parliament—we trust by this time it has become a law—providing that whoever delivers up to native Italians or to aliens minors of less than eighteen years of age, even if they be their own children, or wards under their guardianship, for the purpose of employing them in "strolling trades," shall be liable to a fine of from 50 to 250 francs, and from one to three months' imprisonment. The employers of such children in any of certain "professions" mentioned shall pay a fine of from 100 to 500 francs, and be sent to prison for a period of from three to six months. The punishments may be extended to greater severity, according to the circumstances of the offence. The bill also orders the immediate release and restitution of the children who are in the employment of any persons at home or abroad in any of the forbidden capacities, giving the detailed directions of the methods in which this result shall be accomplished. It is to be hoped that the efforts of the Italian government in this matter, combined with the efforts which are being made in this country by many prominent persons, will result in the abolition of the cruel traffic in children between Italy and America.

AN ASHANTEE RECEPTION.—George W. Towle, writing in *Harper's Magazine*, says: "If the Ashantee King is well disposed to the stranger—especially the European stranger—whom he learns to be approaching the confines of his dominions, he confers upon him the distinction of a public and ceremonious welcome. On one occasion an English visitor was thus honored in a notable manner. He was conducted by two Ashantee nobles in an open space, a common in the centre of Coomassie. There, upon an artificial mound fantastically shaped, sat King Koffee Kalkali, surrounded by the principal personages of his court. Over his sable majesty was a very wide umbrella, fifteen feet in circumference, made of vari-colored cloths, of which the most conspicuous was very fine silk velvet. Each noble was provided with a similar umbrella, with a gold handle. From some of the umbrellas hung pieces of cloth, to which some mirrors turned towards the faces of the nobles, were attached. On the tops of the umbrellas were roughly carved and gilded figures of animals and other objects, designed as the armorial bearings of the chiefs. Two jet-black slaves fanned each noble as he sat. The visitor advanced into the aristocratic semicircle, put out his right hand, and when he came opposite the king, took off his hat and made a low obeisance. Then he passed round to the extremity of the assemblage, and took his place upon a seat which had been set for him. King Koffee thereon ordered the guest to be served with palm-wine; then the chiefs rose, passed the guest in turn and saluted him, while one, stopping directly in front of him, pulled a gold-handled sword from his belt and began to execute a war-dance. Last of all the king passed, bowing and smiling, and then the stranger rose and followed the procession. This was really an imposing pageant. Nobles bore upon their shoulders the gold and silver mounted thrones of the former kings; slaves carried richly inlaid boxes, vases of silver, and banners. The King and each of his nobles were surrounded by a body-guard armed with muskets and spears, while a band with gongs, cymbals, and drums awoke the echoes with a rude, clashing, martial music. In this way the visitor was escorted through the principal streets of the city until the royal palace was reached. Here Koffee bid him good-by, the procession broke up, and he was permitted to go wheresoever he listed."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF APPLES.—It is stated that by a careful analysis it has been found that apples contain a larger amount of phosphorus, or brain food, than any other fruit or vegetable, and on this account they are very important to sedentary men who work their brains rather than their muscles. They also contain the acids which are needed especially for sedentary men, the action of whose liver is sluggish, to eliminate effete matters, which, if retained in the system, produce inaction of the brain, and indeed of the whole system, causing jaundice, sleepiness, scurvy and troublesome diseases of the skin.

A NEW DESTROYER FOR THE HAIR.—Under above title Dr. Boettger says that we possess a new material for destruction of hair, of most suitable description, in a mixture of one part of crystallized sulphate of sodium, with three parts of fine carbonate of lime mixed and reduced to a fine powder. This mixture may be kept any length of time without alteration in well closed bottles. When moistened with a drop of water and laid by means of the back of a knife on the part of the skin covered with hair, we see in a few minutes and find the thickest hair turned into a soft mass, easily removed by means of water. If it remain on the part long, it will cause a slight irritation of the skin.

COLORED STARCH.—To impart a temporary color to light tissues a German chemist proposes mixing a coloring matter with the starch in "doing them up." If a red shade is desired, take three parts of magenta and twenty of glycérine. The magenta is rubbed down in a mortar with a little water, and the glycérine added by degrees. Well pulverized starch is then thoroughly incorporated with the color in greater or smaller quantity, according as a pale or deep shade is desired, and the mass is allowed to dry in the air upon a piece of unsized paper. It is then applied to the tissues precisely in the same way as common starch. If a blue, violet, or green shade is desired, suitable colors are substituted for the magenta. Great care should be taken never to use any arsenical green colors in this way, as the dust of the highly poisonous material, becoming detached, may occasion serious mischief.

A NEEDED REFORM.—Dr. Hamilton, of Buffalo, New York, tersely says in regard to ventilation, diet, labor, disease, etc.: "We need for our dwellings more ventilation and less heat; we need more outdoor exercise, more sunlight, more manly, athletic, and rude sports; we need more amusements, more holidays, more frolic and noisy, boisterous mirth. Our infants need better nourishment than colorless mothers can ever furnish, purer milk than our distilleries can manufacture; our children need more romping and less study. Our old men need more quiet and earlier relaxation from the labor of life. Men, both young and old, need less medicine and more good counsel. Our cities need cleansing, paving, and draining. The Asiatic cholera, the yellow fever, the plague, and many other fearful epidemics, are called the opprobria of our age, and our fellow-citizens upbraid us with feebleness and inefficiency in our resources. When will they learn that, although we do not fail to cure these maladies, the more precious secret of prevention is in our possession, and has been for these many years."

POLISHING WOOD WITH CHARCOAL. We extract from the *Cabinet-Maker* the following description of the method of polishing wood with charcoal, no much employed by French cabinet-makers: All the world knows of those articles of furniture of a beautiful dead black color, with sharp, clear cut edges, and a smooth surface, the wood of which seems to have the density of ebony; viewing them side by side with furniture rendered black by paint and varnish, the difference is so sensible that the considerable margin of price separating the two kinds explains itself without need of any commentary. The operations are much longer and much more minute in this mode of charcoal polishing, which respects every detail of the carving, while paint and varnish would clog up the holes and widen the ridges. In the first process they employ only carefully selected woods of a close and compact grain; they cover them with a coat of camphor dissolved in water, and almost immediately afterward with another coat composed chiefly of sulphate of iron and nut-gall. The two compositions in blending penetrate the wood and give it an indelible tinge, and at the same time render it impervious to the attacks of insects. When these two coats are sufficiently dry, they rub the surface of the wood at first with a very hard brush of couch-grass (*chiendent*), and then with charcoal of substances as light and friable as possible, because if a single hard grain remained in the charcoal this alone would scratch the surface, which they wish, on the contrary, to render perfectly smooth. The flat parts are rubbed with natural stick charcoal, the indented portions and crevices with charcoal powder. At once, almost simultaneously, and alternately with the charcoal, the workman also rubs his piece of furniture with flannel soaked in linseed oil and the essence of turpentine. These pouncings, repeated several times, cause the charcoal powder and the oil to penetrate into the wood, giving the article of furniture a beautiful color and perfect polish, which has none of the flaws of ordinary varnish. Black-wood, polished with charcoal, is coming day by day to be in greater demand; it is most serviceable; it does not tarnish like gilding, nor grow yellow like white wood, and in furnishing a drawing-room it agrees very happily with gilt bronzes and rich

stuffs. In the dining room, too, it is thoroughly in its place to show off the plate to the greatest advantage, and in the library it supplies a capital framework for handsomely bound books.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

IN Decatur, Ill., when a young lady declines an offer to convey her home, he asks permission to sit on the fence and see her go by.

"HAVE you 'Blasted Hopes?'" asked a young lady of a librarian with his handkerchief tied over his jaw. "No, ma'am," says he, "it's only a blasted toothache."

SCENE IN A LONDON RESTAURANT.—"You don't mean to tell me, waiter, that you can't give me a toothpick?"

"Well, sir, we used to keep 'em, but the gents almost invariably took 'em away when they'd done with 'em."

A COUNTRY paper tells of a cat which is bringing up two rats with her own kittens, and thinks she has risen above the prejudices of race. The cat is no fool, and when those rats get plump and fat, she and those kittens will make a most sumptuous dinner of them.

A CLERK in a city bookstore, thinking to annoy a Quaker customer who looked as though he was fresh from the country, handed him a volume, saying:

"Here is an excellent essay on the rearing of calves."

"Thee had better present it to thy mother, young man," was the retort of the Quaker.

A BOY, with post office pants and ventilated hat, rushed into a drug store in Bellows Falls, the other day, with a dipper in his hand, and exclaimed: "Doctor, mother sent me down to the shotecary pop quickerin' blazes, cos bub's sick as the dickens with the pipen chox, and she wants a thimbleful of pollygolic in this dipper, cos we ain't got a bottle handy, and the kin pupts got the blue winters in it. Got any?"

THE following is a copy of a painter's bill for work done in a Scotch church. It is needless to remark that the building must have been sadly out of repair. Here is the receipted claim as we found it, no matter where:

"To filling up a chink in the Red Sea, and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host."

"To a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a new set of teeth for the Hennes."

"To repairing Nabuchadnezzar's beard."

"To cleaning the whale's belly, varnishing Jonah's face, and mending his left arm."

"To a new skirt for Joseph's garment."

"To a sheet anchor, a jury mast, and a long boat for Noah's ark."

"To giving a blush to the cheek of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam."

"To painting a new city in the land of Nod."

"To clearing the Garden of Eden after Adam's expulsion."

"To making a bridle for the Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his legs."

"To putting a new handle to Moses' basket and fitting bulrushes."

"To adding more fuel to the fire of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace."

"Rec'd payment."

We are not obliged to tell how the following funny letter fell into our hands. All the reader has to do is to read it and laugh at it. We congratulate the new-made parent, and hope he will get over his confusion of ideas shortly, so as to be able to tell his baby from his horse:

"DEAR SISTER EMMA,—

"I now take my seat, and sit down to take this opportunity to inform you that I am a 'daddy' at last—this is, I suppose I am, for Addie has got a nice fat baby as ever made up faces. We hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same blessing. Now this is to be strictly a business letter. Firstly, as I said before, Addie has got a nice baby. Nextly, I have swopped away old John, and think I have got a pretty nice horse. It is a girl, and weighs nine pounds—I mean the baby. It is just as fat as butter, and has a good strong pair of lungs. She is red, and has a bobtail—the horse I mean—and a white stripe in her face, and is a good driver. She has got blue eyes and a dimple in her chin—I mean the baby—and just the prettiest mouth that ever opened to receive pap. Judging from her teeth, I should think she was about six years old—I mean the horse now. She is sound, smooth, and kind—I mean the horse or baby either now—and the doctor says she is the fairest he ever saw, without any exception—he meant the baby. I got twenty-five dollars to boot—not on the baby, though, for in its case the boot is on the other foot, and two or three sizes larger, as near as I can find. I am going to harness the horse now and go after mother. She was born last night at twenty minutes past nine I hope you don't think I mean mother or the horse, but the baby. She is as hearty as a pig; ate an egg, a biscuit, and drank three cups of tea—I mean Addie. She is getting along nicely, and if she don't have any bad luck she will get along first-rate. She is subject to disorders of the stomach, and they say that is a sign of colic—I mean the baby. I hope it is, for the nurse says colicky babies never die. She talks about her horse as she takes snuff—I mean the nurse. I am going to name her Edieema—I mean the baby. There, I've been reading this over, and I see plain'y that I ain't fit to write. The amount of it is, I am frustrated. I am a happy daddy and that accounts for it, so you must excuse me, for this time."

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Feb. 21st, 1874.

* * All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 39.

By T. D. S. MOORE.

White.

1. P to B 3rd
2. R to R 8th
3. B takes Kt mate

Black.

1. P takes Kt
2. K takes R

(a.)

2. B takes Kt
3. R mates

1. K to B 1st or R 3rd
2. Any

Correct solution received from Delta who remarks that the key is a very neat waiting move.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 40.

By T. A. THOMPSON.

White mates:

1. R takes P
2. Mates acc.

1. Any

Black mates:

1. B to Q 7th (ch)
2. Q takes P (ch)
3. Mates

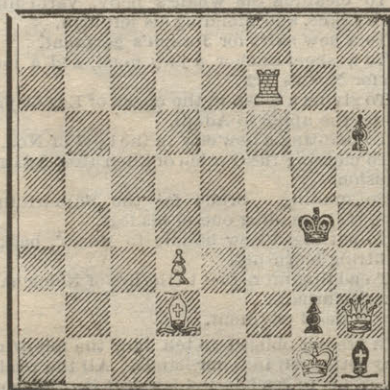
1. K to R 4th
2. Moves

Delta solves the first stipulation correctly, but we think he errs in his analysis of the second. He says: "It is an ingenious position, but not difficult."

PROBLEM No. 47.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



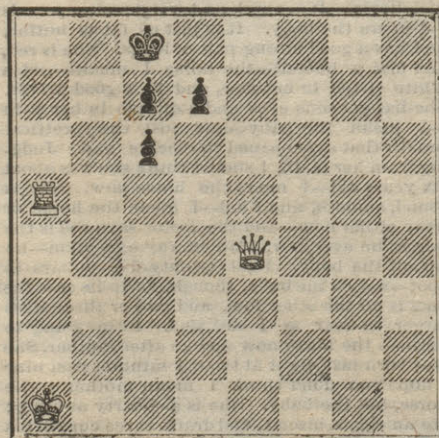
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 48.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

OUR PROBLEMS.

The above problems by one of the best American composers, though very pretty, are by no means difficult. Let none of our readers fail to examine them for they are well worth a few moments' study.

OUR PUZZLER.

59. LITERAL CHARADE.

My first's in Great Britain, altho' not in Prussia;
Second in France, yet not throughout Russia;
Third with the Belgian, tho' nowhere in Spain—
A search in that country would prove all in vain.

Fourth, now, from Holland you cannot dis sever,
Yet Sweden or Turkey laid claim to me never;
Fifth not in Greece, but on Italy's shore,
Where Nature has lavished such gifts from her store.

Sixth in New Zealand—steer clear of Australia—
Exploration made here would prove quite a failure.

Now find out my seventh—that is, if you can—
For I'm present at Jeddo, though not in Japan.
On the might of my whole it is needless to dwell;

Kind reader, allow me to bid you farewell.

60. CHARADE.

My first has power unseen,
My second to propel;
My whole to ordinary sense,
Is easy now to tell.

61. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals name two islands of Japan. 1. A province and city of Russia; 2. A mountain in Bolivia; 3. A river in China; 4. The ancient name of a river in Western Tartary; 5. A city of China (once curtailed) with the greatest porcelain manufacture in the world; 6. A large city of China, the residence of a great number of the literati.

62. REBUS.

My first a flower will name;
A boy's name is my second;
My third is a fruit of fame;
My fourth a fish is reckoned;
This is part of yourself, I mean;
A bird for my sixth please find.
A title in my last is seen;
The initials an animal will call to mind

63. CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is the letter Y a multiplying letter?
2. Why is the letter U an unpleasant letter?
3. Why is the letter X like a very large piece of beef?
4. Why may the letter C be considered a mechanical letter?
5. Why is the letter W like a juryman?

64. CHARADE.

In my first; my second got;
My whole's a wedge—pray tell me what.

LOVE AND DEATH.

I had parted from my Cousin Charles lightly and merrily, as people part who expect to meet again in a few days.

If I had thought of him at all it was as one who had been enjoying himself, while I plodded on in the dull city counting-house; when there came to me, one morning, a telegram from the Manchester house where he had been stopping.

I had no idea, as I leisurely seated myself to open the message, that there was anything more serious within than a request that I would send him his dressing-case, which he had left behind him, than I had that any impossible thing could happen.

Since then, a telegram has always given me a thrill of horror.

You can fancy the shock the one I had just received gave me, as, with careless curiosity, I cast my eye over the paper to read these words—

"C— HOTEL, MANCHESTER.

"Charles Belden died last night. Come at once.

"H. CHICHESTER."

Charlie had been my cousin and my very dear friend.

Although not like each other in any way, we had been very intimate.

The night before we parted, he said to me, "I shall be married before the year is out," and he had let me look at a picture he wore against his breast.

He was full of youth and hope—dead!

Oh, no, it could not be.

The telegram was a cruel practical joke, or some mistake had been made.

I hastily crammed some linen into my portmanteau, and drove in a cab that I had summoned to catch the train.

I had so far failed to realize the truth when I reached the station, that I half expected to see Charlie waiting there for me; and when I was at the very door of the house, I said to myself that I was mad, or in a dream, that in a moment more I should be mocked at for my easy credulity, or should awaken and find myself at home or in bed.

I was brought to a full sense of the awful truth in a moment, when a stout gentleman advanced towards me, and said—

"Mr. Ross, I believe. My name is Chichester."

"You telegraphed to me," I gasped, "Is it— is it true?"

"I grieve to say that it is only too true, Mr. Ross," he answered.

"Come into this room. There is a painful curiosity in the house about the event, and we must secure privacy."

I followed him, growing faint and dizzy as I went on, and fell rather than sank into a chair which he had moved towards me.

I looked at him without being able to speak, and he, after a pause, broke the silence.

"It is a very horrible thing. The mystery is the most awful part. You know that your cousin was in excellent health when he left you. He was in good spirits also.

"His affianced wife is at the hotel with her parents. They spent the evening together. He seemed very happy.

"Do you know of any reason why he should commit suicide?"

"Why he should commit suicide?" I gasped.

He answered—

"It is either suicide or murder. He was found dead in his bed this morning with a wound over his heart.

"A knife was lying loosely in his right hand. His left is so tightly clenched that the nails are buried in the flesh. Something seems to be clutched in it—what we cannot yet tell.

"Mr. Ross, I fear very much that it is murder—that in my house your cousin's life has been taken by some enemy or by a robber.

"In my house! I can never forgive myself for sleeping so soundly that night."

The man's trouble was so genuine that in the midst of my own sorrow I sympathized with him.

I remember saying something of the sort before a blur came over my eyes, and a sound as of a roaring sea into my ears.

After that I remember very little.

I had been overworked, and was not well.

This frightful shock had quite prostrated me.

When I began to comprehend what was going on about me again, the inquest was over, and my cousin's body prepared for burial.

They had found in his clenched left hand a slender bit of gold, about half an inch long, with a tiny diamond in its points; and the verdict they had given was—

"Murdered by some party or parties unknown!"

All that I could say was that my cousin had no enemies that I knew of.

All that I could do was to follow him to the grave.

I did not even see his betrothed, but her mother told me that she suffered terribly and was on the verge of delirium.

They took her home the day after the funeral, but I stayed.

I had no choice but to stay.

The weakness that had caused the swoon proved itself the forerunner of a serious illness, and I was but a troublesome guest at the hotel for many days.

As I recovered, I was treated with much consideration, and, as an invalid, made many acquaintances who would not have troubled their heads about me had I been well.

One guest, a beautiful lady, with great black eyes and a voluptuous form, often paused beside my sofa to ask me, with the most bewitching smile, how I felt, or to leave beside me a flower she had gathered in the garden, or a book that might beguile a weary hour.

After awhile we fell frequently into conversation.

She had, in her earliest youth been an actress.

Whether she wearied of it, or did not succeed upon the stage, she did not tell me.

She was now about twenty-eight, and her contact with the public had banished all reserve and restraint from her manner. We were friends at once.

In two weeks I was her lover.

The cause that brought me to the Manchester hotel was a terrible one, but it seemed to have brought me also to the greatest joy of my life.

All the women I had ever met before seemed tame and spiritless beside Maria Vassar.

I wondered how I had lived before I knew her.

And she?

Surely she loved me.

She neither refused my kisses, nor drew her hand from mine when I held it passionately against my heart.

My heart was often heavy still.

I had not forgotten my cousin, and the dreadful details of his murder were being constantly rehearsed.

The detectives were hard at work.

The slender arrow of gold, with a diamond in its head, was their clue.

It had in some way guided them.

They felt sure of discovering the murderer.

I told my troubles to Maria Vassar.

She listened patiently to all that the detectives had hinted at, but shook her head.

"They only want money those poor parents will pay them," she said. "They have found no clue to the murderer's identity. They never will. It was a case of suicide. He had had a quarrel with his sweetheart. Of course, she will not own it now."

"But the ornament," I said; "the broken ornament?"

"Something of hers he treasured, I suppose," she said. "Oh, no one murdered your cousin, rest assured."

Once I said to her—

"Maria, sometimes I am frightened. The murder of my best friend brought me to know

you. We have talked of my love for you and of his death together. What does this forebode?—trouble and a tragic parting? Sometimes I think so."

I saw her turn pale, it was my turn to console her.

We parted that night with fond farewells. Before breakfast the next morning the detective called upon me.

He wore a triumphant look, as of one who had succeeded beyond his fondest anticipations.

"We have found the murderer," he said. "That little arrow did it. We traced it, and found what it belonged to, and that told the story. We arrested her last night. It will be a surprise to you when you see her."

"A woman?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered; "and a young one."

There was a chambermaid in the house, whom I had always distrusted.

I was so sure of seeing her in the room to which they led me, that I asked no more question.

But when the door had been opened, I looked for her in vain.

On a chair near the window sat a lady, dressed in black silk.

It was Maria Vassar.

I saw in her face that it was she who was the prisoner.

She arose, and came towards me.

"Hush," she said, holding out her manacled hands. "You can't do any good. If they think I did it, they must try me. Only, if I might have a word with you alone."

The detectives glanced around the room, and saw that there was only one means of egress.

Then they stood outside the door, and closed it upon us.

"This is a horrible outrage," I gasped. "What in Heaven's name does it mean?"

"Kiss me," she said. "Kiss me as you did last night."

I took her in my arms, I showered caresses upon her, and called her my poor, insulted darling.

It was she who drew herself away.

"That is the last," she said. "No one will ever kiss me again. I killed your cousin. He caught a pendant of my ear-ring in his hand as I stabbed him. He gave it to me. They have traced the present to him, and bribed my maid to search my trunks.

"I loved him; I never loved any man but him. Why should I tell you any more?" You can guess it all. And he had left me for that school-girl he meant to marry.

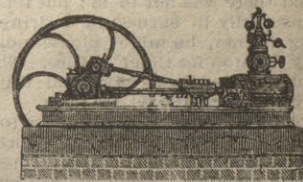
"I always carry a dagger about me; it is a fashion I learned in Italy. Going upstairs alone at night I passed his door. It had blown open. I saw him lying upon a lounge, and he had her portrait in his hand, and pressed it to his lips, and kissed it, and I went mad, and flew into the room and stabbed him.

"You have the story. I don't think you'll try to hang me. Though I never should have married you; you were not rich enough."

She stooped her head, and kissed the hand that I had pressed against my breast to still its tumultuous beating, and then she lifted up her face and said—

"I am ready."

I never saw Maria Vassar again, but I know that she escaped the hangman by starving herself to death in the prison cell.



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INFANT COLOMBUS.

The Lullaby.

ARRANGED FOR THREE VOICES, WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.

Soft and slow.

COMPOSED BY STORACE.

Soft and slow.

FIRST TREBLE.

SECOND TREBLE.

BASS.

PIANO.

1. Peace - ful slum - ber - ing on the
2. In the wind tem - pes - tuous

1. Peace - ful slum - ber - ing on the
2. In the wind tem - pes - tuous

1. Peace - ful slum - ber - ing on the
2. In the wind tem - pes - tuous

cres.
o - cean, Sea - men fear no dan - ger nigh; The winds and waves in gon - gle mo - tion, Soothe them with their lul - la -
blow - ing, Still no dan - ger they des - cry; The gulle - less heart it's boon - bes - tow - ing, Soothe them with its lul - la -

o - cean, Sea - men fear no dan - ger nigh; The winds and waves in gon - gle mo - tion, Soothe them with their lul - la -
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o - cean, Sea - men fear no dan - ger nigh; The winds and waves in gon - gle mo - tion, Soothe them with their lul - la -
blow - ing, Still no dan - ger they des - cry; The gulle - less heart it's boon - bes - tow - ing, Soothe them with its lul - la -

cres.

p *cres.* *p* *pp slower.*
- by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by. Soothe them with their lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

- by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by. Soothe them with their lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

- by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by. Soothe them with their lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

p *cres.* *p* *pp*

Aria from "Semiramide."—"E se ancor libero."

COMPOSED BY ROSSINI.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

p

a piacere.

p tempo.

Walse Classique.

COMPOSED BY BEETHOVEN.

PIANO.

p *ten.* *ten.*

p

ff *ten.* *ten.* *p*

ff *ten.* *ten.* *f*

p *ten.* *ten.*

p

ff *ten.* *ten.*

Bird Song.

MUSIC BY JUSTIN S. FITZSIMON.

8 *Moderato.*

VOICE.

1. "You're
2. You're

PIANO.

8

FINE. *p*

sweet, you're sweet, you're sweet,"
sweet, you're sweet, you're sweet,

A bird in the green-wood sings;
More sweet than the flow'r of love,

And when I hear him tho
And your voi - ce's mu - sic

words re - peat, My Car - rie to m'm he brings.
more com - plete Than the birds in the boughs a - love.

For I think there's none more sweet
The light of your eyes is sweet,

Than I!

you be - neath the skies—
pen - sive - ness or worth,

No love - li - er maid the bird may greet With his song where'er he
And a kiss from your rose - red lips, I weet, Is sweeter than aught on

ritard.

flies..... No love - li - er maid the bird may greet With his song, where'er he flies.
earth,..... A kiss from your rose - red lips, I weet, is..... sweet - er than aught on earth.
pincere.

colla voce.

D.C.